

The Nation

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Events of the Week.

THERE has been great and natural excitement in Ireland over the issue of an extraordinary circular by Colonel Wickham, Commissioner of the R.I.C., proposing that various irregular forces which have come into existence in Ulster should be formed into a sort of Orange Army. At the time this circular was issued Colonel Wickham was undoubtedly in the service of the British Government. On Tuesday the Ulster Government became responsible for law and order in the Six Counties, and the R.I.C. serving in Ulster are now under that Government. But the R.I.C. are lent to that Government, so that presumably the British Government has some control over Colonel Wickham and his force. The "Irish Bulletin" brought this secret circular into the daylight last Saturday. On Tuesday Sir James Craig published a letter in which he stated that the circular had been issued with his approval, but that the Ulster Government had no power to recruit men for military units, and that the circular must be withdrawn. But he added that these recruits could be taken for the police. It is no secret that the British Ministers did not sanction the issue of the circular or even know of it. Certain very important questions arise: In what circumstances was this circular sent out? By whose authority? Is there any ground for the Irish suspicion that the War Office, and in particular some of its anti-Irish chiefs, were not as ignorant of the proceeding as the Irish Office? What notice is to be taken of Colonel Wickham's conduct? Is the Ulster Government, which under the Act has control of the police but no power to raise an army, to be allowed to organize for the purpose of keeping order bodies of men corresponding to the bands that supported Clodius and Milo in the street brawls of Rome? And is this the spirit in which the Ulster Government is going to protect the rights and liberties of the Catholic minority in its area?

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THESE questions assume a special importance at this moment from the present condition of Belfast. There an intermittent civil war has been raging for several days. It is quite clear that nothing will check the continued violence of this seventeenth-century spirit but an organized effort on the part of the authorities to rescue their city from its more disreputable inhabitants. What is the difficulty? Nobody pretends that all the Catholics in Belfast are angels and all the Protestants

devils. Both religions have their wild and fanatical spirits; and there are Catholics, as there are Protestants, who like to show their love for their God in the form of hatred for their fellow men. But of one thing there is no doubt. If once the leaders of the majority could make up their minds that this violence should cease, cease it would. In any English town the leaders of the parties and religions would come together and would devise measures to put an end to an intolerable scandal. The Sinn Feiners on the Belfast Council have urged this plan, but nothing has come of it. Unfortunately, electioneering ardor and sectarian ardor are so closely associated in the minds of the Ulster Unionists that they are afraid that if they check the one they may find that they have discouraged the other. But surely there are men among the Ulster Ministers, Sir James Craig himself and Lord Londonderry, who realize what an appalling future the Six Counties are preparing for themselves. If no peace emerges from the negotiations, life in the Six Counties will be something like life in a Balkan State.

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LITTLE light has been thrown during the week on the course of the Irish negotiations. There was a meeting of the principal delegates on both sides on Tuesday, and yesterday the Prime Minister saw Sir James Craig. The Ulster Parliament assembles on Tuesday. It is generally believed that the Prime Minister is attempting to persuade Ulster to accept an All-Ireland Parliament with certain financial guarantees. The tone of the Ulster Press is unyielding, but English opinion is still overwhelmingly in favor of peace on these lines. The Die-Hards held a ticket meeting this week at Queen's Hall, but the hall was not full. This is unfortunate, for Brigadier-General Prescott Decie's hysterical appeal for instant war must have had a sobering effect on any audience.

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THE vital discussion at Washington of the Chinese question has gone underground in the secret committees. China, with American support, has enunciated certain general principles, somewhat in the manner of Wilsonian axioms, affirming her independence, her territorial integrity, and the open door. The most interesting of these is a clause (3) binding the Powers not to conclude agreements or treaties relating to China without notifying her or giving her an opportunity to participate. This is made retrospective by the next clause, which calls on the Conference to examine all existing "rights, privileges, immunities, and commitments," and to decide which are valid and in conformity with these principles. Here we come down to business. For the Anglo-Japanese Treaty and the Lansing Agreement are "commitments" which violate the third clause, since they were concluded over China's head. The reference to "rights and privileges" brings in the various Japanese claims in Shantung, Manchuria, and elsewhere. China asks also for the removal, as circumstances permit, of the various restrictions on her freedom of action, e.g., in tariff making. Lastly, she proposes some provision for the peaceful settlement of disputes in the Far East and for periodical conferences. It is a big, and, we think, a good programme. The platitudes will be carried, of course. How far they are applied depends on whether our Government is ready to drop the Japanese Alliance.

THE chief public event of the Washington Conference, since Mr. Hughes laid his naval programme before it, was M. Briand's appearance on Monday to explain why France will not disarm. Accounts agree that it was a fine rhetorical performance, and the balance of evidence is that it pleased its immediate audience. Mr. H. G. Wells probably gives the more intimate impression when he says that the French are felt at Washington to be "more foreign than other peoples." The speech itself was a purposive statement of the fears under which French politicians disguise their ambition of hegemony in Europe. The root fact was, he said, the numerical preponderance of Germany's population over that of France—an absurd enough argument when we recollect that the Belgians and Poles, formally allied to France (to say nothing of the Tchechs and the Roumanians), much more than redress the balance. In fact this gives seventy-seven millions against the German sixty. M. Briand recalled the secret arming of Prussia after Jena, and might well have completed the parallel by admitting that modern France is pursuing a Napoleonic policy—without a Napoleon. He partly hinted, partly stated, that the forces allowed to Germany are being organized, not as police, but as cadres for a future war of revenge—a statement denied point-blank by Germany. Even with these assertions his speech would have fallen flat if he had stated the plain fact that France keeps EIGHT men under arms to Germany's ONE.

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Not content with dressing up the German bogey, M. Briand called up the vision of starving, disorganized Russia as the second great danger to Europe. It may have impressed an audience completely ignorant of contemporary history to hear that France saved European civilization by supporting the Poles before Warsaw. The facts are better known here, where no one has forgotten that the Poles began that war by marching into Kiev. M. Briand did, indeed, undertake to reduce the terms of service with the colors from two years to eighteen months, but that in no way reduces the real armed strength of France, which depends on the trained and organized conscript reserve. The speech means that, as we all expected, France has vetoed any attempt to regulate land armaments. Mr. Balfour, in carefully turned phrases, expressed regret at this attitude. But he stopped short of reproach. The result is that, while Washington will almost certainly bring great gains in economy to the naval Powers, France has contrived that it should promise no moral disarmament to Europe. Mr. Wells thinks faster than most of us, but his blunt sentences are not far ahead of the general impression. "France," he writes, "is preparing energetically for a fresh warlike operation in Europe, and for war under the sea against Great Britain." Her active building of submarines is certainly a portent. They are for "defence," of course, but against whom? Mr. Wells answers without hesitation, that she is building these vessels "to attack British commerce, and for no other reason whatever." That is a grave charge. We think France should answer it.

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ADLY PASHA and his colleagues had a final interview with Lord Curzon on Saturday and broke off the negotiations. He left London next day, going home, as the official statement puts it, to "report." Though the documents have yet to be published, it is known what the causes for the rupture were. Lord Curzon, while accepting the general idea of the Milner Report, that an "independent" Egypt becomes our permanent "ally," insisted on maintaining the High Commissioner with wide powers, and also required that two at least of the

foreign "advisers" to the Egyptian Government should be appointed not by it but by us. The graver issue was, however, the maintenance of the military occupation. Lord Curzon and Mr. Churchill will not agree to confine our garrison to the Canal zone, but demand that it shall, at our discretion and without a time-limit, be stationed at Cairo and Alexandria. No Egyptian Minister, however moderate, could possibly agree to that. For the moment Egypt is quiet. It is said that the divided Nationalist Party already shows a tendency to reunite. One imagines that the prestige of Zaghloul Pasha must be greatly enhanced. Sir Valentine Chirol predicts a return to the formidable tactics of passive resistance which were adopted in 1919.

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THE visit of Herr Stinnes to London has excited much natural curiosity, but commendably little hostility. Some profess to know that he has come to arrange for Anglo-German joint action in the economic restoration of Russia, others that his visit concerns the more urgent question of German Reparations. He, on his side, has declared, (we believe correctly) that only private business concerns him. The situation as to reparations is, of course, most critical. The Allies insist on the payment of the instalments due in January and February—500 million gold marks, some of which has been paid in kind, by the first date, and about 250 million gold marks by the second. In this matter it is said that we are as exacting as the French, since these payments are required to balance our own Budget. Even though the first instalment is paid, the second will probably be lacking, for Berlin has found no device to find the money, and if it tries again to buy gold with marks, its paper will lose even its present microscopic value. Herr Stinnes had offered to mortgage the whole credit of German industry abroad, provided he were given the German railways, ports, and telephones to be conducted for private profit. That Dr. Wirth and the Left refused. The new plan is said to be the raising of a loan in London secured in some way on German industry, with some delay in future payments and a reduction of the total amount. In other words, we are to lend the Germans money to pay ourselves. It seems a paradoxical expedient, and that of a moratorium, say for five years, which is, we believe, favored by the City, seems more practical.

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THE traders are moving faster than the statesmen, and we are very glad to see the Federation of British Industries taking up the question of reparations. Its programme has not been confirmed by the Grand Council, and doubtless it needs some more consideration. But it goes to the root of the matter in pleading that the burdens of Germany must, in the interests of our industries and of Europe, be lightened. The specific proposals are more debatable. It is excellent to suggest concentration on reparations—here France is entitled to a first call—and on the restoration of European transport. But we think it would be wise to take the worst problems first, and to postpone more speculative projects like the Channel Tunnel. Nor are we sure that much relief can come through British financial control of German industries, though such a plan obviously interests our business men in a return of German prosperity. But the general movement is an excellent one and full of hope.

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THE League of Nations has scored its first success in dealing with the European anarchy. The meeting of the Council, on the initiative of the British Government, threatened the Serbs with the boycott for which Article 16 of the Covenant provides, if they continued

their unprovoked invasion of Albania. Finding the Council unanimous, they yielded, as they put it, to "superior force." They are said to be withdrawing their army, though some accounts accuse them of leaving guerilla bands behind them. This is an extremely satisfactory result from the first attempt to apply one effective instrument of discipline provided by the Covenant. It is the more remarkable because Serbia, or rather Jugo-Slavia, with her own abundant food supplies, would suffer less severely from a boycott than most European States.

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THE arrival of the Prince of Wales in Bombay led to serious rioting. Nothing unpleasant happened along the route of the procession, but the industrial quarter was in uproar for two days. Hindoos and Mohammedans, among whom there are many unemployed mill-hands, joined in attacking everyone who wore European dress, including Parsees and Jews. Four policemen were killed, and about thirty injured, and it is said that the rioters suffered about the same losses from the fire of the police. Mr. Gandhi is horrified at what has happened, and has issued a manifesto in which he admits that, as we warned him long ago must happen, the popular forces have gone beyond his control. He imposes a weekly fast-day upon himself as penance, and concludes that the Indian people are not ripe for the policy of "civil disobedience" which he had inaugurated. In other words, he realizes that it is very hard to keep passive resistance distinct from violence. Various "non-co-operating" volunteer corps have been proclaimed as illegal associations in Bengal, where they were putting pressure on the police to resign. It remains to be seen whether the Moslems, who have never pretended to share Mr. Gandhi's objection to violence, will consent to abandon protests because they may lead to excesses. The Prince's tact and personal attraction seem to have made a good impression.

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THE articles of Sir Philip Gibbs in the "Daily Chronicle" paint a horrifying picture of the Volga famine. If some of the earlier accounts were sensational they did not come near the cold, hopeless impression that results from Sir Philip's close investigations on the spot. The broad fact is that those districts which had harvested a few weeks' food will have literally nothing left by Christmas, and some are already in this condition. Private charity touches only the fringe of the distress. Out of a population of twenty millions, Mr. Hoover's organization was, on November 15th, feeding 200,000. The "Save the Children Fund" was then providing for 60,000, and we believe the Society of Friends is responsible for about 40,000. That makes 300,000 out of 20,000,000. The two first-named funds are feeding children only. For the parents, save in the Quaker district, nothing whatever is being done, and the mortality both among children and adults is already terrifying. We believe that our Government will sooner or later be forced to grant credits. But if it waits much longer there will be few left alive to save. The Washington Conference makes a hopeful case for a fresh appeal to the Prime Minister. It will save us the cost of four new super-Dreadnoughts, to say nothing of the other scrapped craft. What better thank-offering for this great gain than the expenditure of half the cost of a "Hood" to save this starving population?

* * *

WHAT is to be done with the Foreign Office? We have seen a member of the East Galician Delegation now in England, who is vainly endeavoring even to see the august persons who bear sway there. Under the Polish occupation the country is, as may be imagined, in the extremity

of despair. The Poles rule it, so far as licensed brigandage can be called a rule, like tyrants. Their gendarmes and soldiers, say the Delegation, have murdered over two hundred Ukrainian notables, while their Courts refuse all inquiry and deny all jurisdiction. Ukrainian students are denied admittance to Lemberg University, and at the same time cannot get passports to enable them to go elsewhere, so that higher education is at a standstill. But the worst injustice is that the Poles treat the Ukrainian refusal to acknowledge the Polish Republic as high treason to themselves. Yet under the Treaty of St. Germain the Allied Powers put the country at least nominally under their sovereign authority. This, of course, they do not exercise, but how can they answer the Ukrainians' plea that so long as it exists they are subjects of the Alliance, not of the Poles? At least this plea deserves a hearing. But it is denied. The Foreign Office, as we all know, is in the hands of reactionary politicians or *arriérés* officials. But it is a scandal that a maltreated State like Eastern Galicia, left without a constitution, and exposed to the ruin of its promising civilization, should find the door shut in its face when it appeals to one of the Powers who decreed its misery.

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THE independence of Afghanistan, which has been the real subject of all our wars with her, has at last been formally conceded. The Dobbs Treaty, which has just been signed, is its formal guarantee. The Ameer loses his subsidy; we lose our right to prohibit the import of arms through India, and relinquish the Customs duty on them. There is to be a slight "re-alignment" of the boundary, presumably in Afghanistan's interest; and the two Governments between them are to regulate the brigandage of the border tribes. The value of the agreement depends on good faith; and that, again, may be subject to the solution of our difficulties with Soviet Russia. One condition of the Treaty is that no Bolshevik Consulates will be permitted at Candahar, Jalalabad, and Ghazni, and to this the Ameer has given his written assent. But it would be better still if the trouble were treated at its fountain-head, and a fair political understanding arrived at with the Soviet Government.

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AN agreement arrived at provisionally last weekend between the engineering employers and the Amalgamated Engineering Union has attracted little attention outside the industry. Yet it marks a most important stage on the backward road along which the workers are being pressed steadily towards pre-war conditions. In effect, the agreement restores to the employers and managers the full measure of workshop control which they exercised in 1914. During the war the shop stewards' committees won a certain amount of that control for themselves. On various matters, more or less technical in character, they gained the right to be consulted. It was conceded by the employers under pressure, and they never acquiesced in the change. They objected particularly to the development in control which gave the shop stewards' committees a voice, and often a deciding voice, when a question of working overtime arose. The draft agreement, which was apparently signed with great reluctance by the men's leaders, acknowledges specifically the absolute right of the employers and managers to say when overtime is necessary, even if the decision involves the dismissal of workmen. In general, the agreement binds the union not to interfere with "managerial functions," and the employers not to interfere with the "proper functions of the trade union." Neither function is defined, so that, apart from the discontent created on the overtime issue, the agreement is no message of peace for the workshops

Politics and Affairs.

THE DANGER SIGNAL IN EGYPT.

THERE are moments when we feel almost compelled to admire the blind courage of the reactionary bureaucrat. A kind of faith sustains him. He knows that for a couple of centuries the Empire has survived wars and mutinies, crises and discontents, and, save for the loss of the American States, it has steadily grown. When he hardens his heart at a time when most men would make concessions, if only to tide over an emergency, it is, we suppose, because his mind, with this long tradition of success behind it, is incapable of believing that anything very serious will happen when he defies the sentiment of a subject people. He foresees, no doubt, if he thinks it out in detail, a time of unrest, some murders of officials, boycotts, strikes, and the need for reinforced garrisons and martial law; but it does not enter his thoughts that the British Empire may be in real peril, and he would smile at the suggestion of disaster. Rome bred such men for many centuries, and in Tsarist Russia they teemed for generations. They seem wise until the end.

Lord Curzon has now brought upon us in Egypt what many of us had feared for some months would happen. Lord Milner, who studied the situation on the spot and learned the strength of the national sentiment, embodied his proposals in a Report which had the good fortune to secure general assent both at home and in Egypt. The Egyptians were startled, as we were ourselves, at the generosity of the scheme, given the strong Imperialist convictions of its author. They perceptibly thawed, consented to negotiate, and, in the end, approved the Report, though with some important reservations. A settlement was in sight when, to everyone's surprise, the Cabinet rejected the Milner Report, or at least insisted on wide alterations. Lord Milner quitted the Cabinet, as we have always regretted, silently. The reasons which impel a man of his eminence to resign office ought to be common property. From this moment onwards the position in Egypt itself became complicated and anxious. Zaghloul Pasha, the recognized Nationalist leader, who had at an earlier stage been exiled to Malta and treated with an extreme want of consideration, drew from Lord Milner's resignation and from a speech by Mr. Churchill what was obviously the correct inference. He argued that Egyptian Nationalism could not yet afford to assume a confiding and placable demeanor. The Premier, Adly Pasha, took the opposite view, and a very unpleasant controversy followed. Zaghloul Pasha, with the masses behind him, revelled in demagogic speeches. Adly Pasha retorted, under martial law, by dismissing "extremist" officials and proclaiming meetings. The Zaghloulists demanded that the deputation which was to be sent to London should be elected for the purpose, or rather that the National Assembly, which has not met since 1914, should be elected and summoned to select the Delegation. That was, to our thinking, an entirely proper demand, though we much dislike both the tactics of the Zaghloulists and the means which they used to press it. Adly was driven by this agitation into an official attitude, and his adversaries railed at him as a man who ruled Egypt solely because British bayonets were behind him. He came to London to cash the reward for his confidence in official Britain.

He has had his lesson. He returns to Egypt to report his failure, and he will have to tell the Egyptian

people that in essentials Zaghloul all the time was right, and he was wrong. The Milner scheme was at best a delicate instrument, which required not only good faith on both sides, but belief in that good faith. It gave to Egypt the status of a minor ally of the British Empire, a client, subject to control in her external relations and to protection in the military sense. The obnoxious word "protectorate" was dropped, but something of the thing remained in the special provisions relating to finance, the status of foreign residents, and the Canal. Apart from these things Egypt was to enjoy autonomy. With good will and good faith the scheme would have yielded something like the freedom of the Dominion status offered to Ireland. With something less than good will and good faith, it is obvious that the reserved powers of control might have been used to hamper any free movement in Egyptian national development. Such was the scheme, and, clearly, if it were to yield genuine autonomy, the amendments ought to have been rather in the sense of greater freedom than the other way. We are far from endorsing all the Zaghloulist reservations, however, and in particular we should resist any proposal to restore the Soudan to Egyptian rule.

Lord Curzon has amended the scheme in the other direction. We do not know all the details. Apparently the Ambassador representing the British Empire in the territory of this independent ally is to be a "High Commissioner," with powers that suggest a protectorate. Worse still, certain of the more important foreign "advisers," who are to be retained, are to be appointed not by the Egyptian but by the British Government. In other words there is to be no real constitutional change whatever beyond a little play of words. The old system of nominally indirect British rule will continue in essentials, through bureaucrats known as "advisers," and the pride of the Egyptians is consoled by the use of the word "independence." Now it may be that the Egyptians are somewhat simple-minded. They have laid throughout this controversy an exaggerated emphasis on words. But they are not so childlike as Lord Curzon supposes. Moreover, he has taken pains to insist on one detail which will enlighten the simplest *fellaḥ*. He proposes to continue the British military occupation of Egypt without so much as a time-limit. Now the occupation has been the real political fact in Egypt for the past forty years, and if it is to be maintained, we incline to think that the new status of "independence" may count for about as much as the older fiction which it supersedes—the suzerainty of the Sultan of Turkey. The average Egyptian, when he sees the British troops still in possession of the capital of his country, will take only a faint interest in the new scraps of paper which purport to ensure his national dignity. The presence of these regiments will mean that in the future, as in the past, an unpopular Sultan or a tame, Anglophil Prime Minister can continue to rule, because the British bayonets are behind him, and, as in the past, a spirited Prime Minister, even if he had the country behind him, would very soon learn to respect those bayonets if he ventured to disregard the "advice" of a British official. To our thinking, the Egyptians went, from their own point of view, to the utmost limit of compromise, if not beyond it, when they agreed to the presence of a British garrison in the Canal zone. The Suez Canal, after all, is nominally neutralized, and its guardian should be an international police force. Zaghloul Pasha proposed the location of this British force on the Sinai side of the Canal. Adly Pasha had no objection to either bank.

But neither he nor any other Egyptian who aspires to have any following whatever dare agree to the indefinite occupation of Cairo, Alexandria, and other points in the interior as a British right. The insistence of Lord Curzon, backed by Mr. Churchill, on this point wrecked the negotiations, and our unfortunate partisan Adly Pasha has gone home to report his own discomfiture.

The consequences are not difficult to predict. Adly Pasha can hardly retain office, and, given the unanimity of Egyptian feeling, it may be difficult to find a respectable Egyptian of any social standing who will consent to countersign our decrees under martial law. It is to be foreseen that Zaghloul, shaken a little in his hold over the wealthier classes during recent months, will resume his former authority as the national leader. There will certainly be a revival of the tactics of passive resistance which proved so troublesome in 1919. There probably will not be fighting in any serious sense of the word, for the Egyptians are not a fighting race, and they are unarmed in a country unsuited to guerilla war. There may be riots, strikes, and assassinations, but, above all, there may occur a more or less general adoption of "non-co-operation," to use Mr. Gandhi's word. That was carried out on a considerable scale in 1919, when the officials of several Ministries, the lawyers, the railwaymen, the tramwaymen, and even the scavengers went on strike, and the one success of our answering strategy was scored by the censorship, which kept the knowledge of the facts from the public at home. These demonstrations resulted in the dispatch of Lord Milner's Mission. A period of tranquillity followed, and the Foreign Office evidently forgot its momentary alarm. It will have to learn its lesson over again.

We can imagine some conjunctions of events which might soon, out of this material, confront us with one of the gravest crises in our history. Suppose that, for one reason or another, the Irish negotiations should break down, and that a British Ministry, whether under Mr. George or another, were engaged in a twelve months' campaign in Ireland on the scale of the Boer War. What should we do if simultaneous revolts required our attention in Egypt and India? We have no fancy for composing detective romances in the style of the Duke of Northumberland, but it is obvious enough that in Ireland, in Germany, in Russia, in Turkey, in Egypt, and in India the Die-Hard mind, which is as common among the office-holders of the Coalition as it is among their critics, has been busily creating hatreds which might one day combine to avenge themselves upon us. For the manufacture of this explosive material, Lord Curzon took, and is taking, more than one man's share. Others must bear the blame in India and Ireland; his sphere was the East, including Russia. The East, under such treatment, acquires an alarming unity. Atheist Communists from Moscow find common ground with believing Moslem Conservatives in Angora, and Hindoos fraternize with Moslems in India. The whole of this policy of provocation was wanton and unnecessary. It was sheer folly which roused and welded Russia against us by subsidizing the "White" invaders. It was moral cowardice combined with folly which created Mr. Gandhi's movement, by refusing to put General Dyer on his trial for the Amritsar massacre. The prolongation of war in Turkey, and now this new summons to revolt in Egypt, continue the record. These people are not even competent reactionaries. Their policy of force does

not enjoy even a brief success. The long record of waste and devastation, of violence and incapacity, makes one desire above all else the departure of Lord Curzon from an office which has rarely, if ever, had so disastrous a chief, but it also points its indictment against the Coalition. Mr. Lloyd George may, for a moment, draw from us a sincere congratulation when he makes a good speech on the Russian famine, falls into line with a beneficent American policy at Washington, or negotiates with Sinn Fein. But good speeches alone produce no bread for the stricken peasants of the Volga: his shifting attitude to the Japanese Alliance still makes the whole outcome of Washington uncertain: if he plays the Liberal in Ireland to-day, that is remarkable because until yesterday his policy was that of the Bashibazouk. Elsewhere on the Continental, and, above all, on the Asiatic, scene, we can hardly say that his fitful Liberalism more than faintly tinges the policy of the Empire. The war-mind still rules us, and it daily makes new wars and new revolts.

A PLEA FOR AN ECONOMIC CONGRESS.

WHATEVER the gathering at Washington may achieve for reduction of navies and the easement of the Pacific situation, it is evident that no effective contribution towards a settlement of the military, political, and economic imbroglio of European troubles can emerge from it. Indeed, the concentration of interest upon Washington, coupled with the dissociation of the United States from all immediate concern in distinctively European affairs, aggravates our trouble. For, if Europe is to escape the approaching calamity of a complete and general breakdown of her finances, with an attendant paralysis of industry and commerce, some early and vigorous action must be taken by her. We are all going the same way at different paces. For three years the disease has been spreading. The lowered productivity from war-damage, public extravagance and private recklessness, the inability to balance budgets, the excess of imports over exports, tariffs, embargoes and blockades to cripple commerce—have all led to inflation, the collapse of exchange, the distrust of money, the shrinkage of credits, the stoppage of industry, and unemployment. Warning has followed warning. Financiers and leaders of commerce in the various countries have pointed out the perils. A year ago an authoritative Conference at Brussels analyzed the situation in the plainest and most uncompromising language, and recognized that the effective economic remedies hinged upon the making of a real peace. But the Governments paid no attention to these warnings. They have gone on degrading their currencies, erecting new tariff barriers, stifling enterprise, plastering poverty and discontent with doles, and refusing to pay their way by honest industry and sound finance. Every sane man knows that the trouble lies in the Peace Treaties and in the treatment of the vanquished Central Powers and of Russia. Nay, in a gathering of business men or of uncommitted politicians in any country there would be substantial agreement, not merely on the nature of the malady, but upon the immediate remedies. First and most urgent would be the demand for a drastic reduction of the German indemnity to dimensions which would

at once stop the frenzied rush of German exports into foreign markets and check the impending bankruptcy of Germany with its attendant perils to the economic and political life of all her neighbors. So long as the present impossible task is imposed on Germany, no peace is possible for Europe, no reduction of military preparations, no recovery of national finances, and no restoration of trade and employment for any of those countries linked with her in a common economic system.

Closely connected with this first need is the demand for a cancellation of inter-Allied war indebtedness. Everyone recognizes that these debts cannot be paid by the broken debtors within any measurable time-limit, that any attempt to extort their payment would recoil on the creditors as well as cripple the recovery of friendly peoples, and that it is only equitable that the financial burden of the war should be borne by those with most capacity to bear. But there is no reason why this remission of European indebtedness, mainly on our part, should be wholly unconditional. If we remit the large sums owed to us by France and Italy, the Balkan States, and Russia, why should we not take a disinterested value for this remission in a revision of the Peace Treaties? The real task is to stay the impending bankruptcy of Germany, to restore peace in Eastern Europe, and to improve the relations between the severed sections of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and the other Balkan States. Nor should the paramount interest of Europe, and not least of England, in the preservation and recovery of Russia, the largest undeveloped source of human and economic wealth upon the Continent, be left out of this project.

Nobody would dispute that, if these financial steps were firmly taken, they would bring at once a sensible easing of the whole economic and political situation throughout Europe, would facilitate an early and large reduction of military expenditure, a balancing of national budgets, a stoppage of further inflation, and a growth of confidence that would be reflected at once in trade recovery.

But, it may be urged, granted that action along these lines is desirable, is it politically feasible? It requires agreement and concerted action. Are all the Governments of Europe prepared for a revision of the Peace Treaties and for the admission of Germany and Russia into close terms of pacific co-operation?

We cannot give any certain answer. We can only urge that this concerted action of all the European States appears to be the only way of pulling up in the road to ruin. The world co-operation which the League of Nations was intended to provide has in this most critical issue completely failed. The judgments of its Brussels Conference were flouted, and its recent Silesian decision has hastened the pace of the destruction of Germany. Moreover, Germany and Russia are excluded from its membership. America, to which for so long Europe looked with pathetic confidence for lasting help towards restoration, stands out and throws Europe on her own resources. This means that the partial League cannot undertake the urgent task. A fresh concert of all the European Powers is needed to secure the possibility of salvation. For a policy which is primarily economic the initiative must be taken, not by the nation in most desperate need, but by the nation with the strongest available resources. What we propose is not an elbowing aside either of the League or of the Supreme Council, but an *ad hoc* Conference of Europe to deal with the common emergency, and, if possible, to agree upon a

common financial and economic policy. Such action is by no means opposed to the principles of the League. As the United States is free to enter the League, retaining her special right of association with other American States under the Monroe Doctrine, so there is nothing to exclude a similar "regional understanding" of the European Powers. Why should not our Government invite all the European Powers to such a Conference, to be summoned at the earliest moment after the work at Washington is done, and when the necessity of supplementing its results by a distinctively European policy is evident? The initiative must come from us. For though we may be the last to sink into the mire, it will be more difficult for us than for any other country to face a lasting break-up of trade relations with the outside world. In the long run we are more vitally concerned for the recovery and peace of Europe than is France, or Italy, or Russia. Those countries, given time, might adjust their internal economics towards something like self-sufficiency in the necessities of life. We know this to be impossible in our case. In the last resort we need Europe more than any European country needs us, and the fallacious notion that, if Europe goes to ruin, the rest of the world can combine to sell and buy with us, has only to be mentioned to be exploded. Our political and economic status enables and obliges us to take the initiative in this enterprise.

It would, however, be foolish to blink our eyes to an obvious obstacle to the project of a full European Conference. That is the possible refusal and opposition of France. Since the Versailles Treaty, French policy has set itself consistently and variously towards securing the economic breakdown of Germany and her financial default on the score of reparations, in order to keep her enemy in perpetual poverty and bondage. But some hold that, though the action and language of French statesmen often bear this interpretation, the keener-minded of them know full well the terrible backstrokes which a ruined and perhaps a revolutionary Germany must inflict upon political and economic order in France. While they must play up to their Jingo gallery, they would, it is suggested, be not unwilling to yield to an outside pressure such as could be brought by the proposed European Concert. Now, whichever interpretation of French policy be true, it appears to us to furnish no argument against our proposal. If France be willing under outside pressure to come into an arrangement which her intelligent politicians and business men must know to make for her security and best interests, well and good. The reparation clauses of the Treaty cannot be fulfilled, the debts of our Allies cannot be paid, inflation cannot be stayed and industry restored, unless the organized consent of Europe to a pacific co-operation is obtained. Should France prove obdurate, refusing either to take part in such a Conference or to agree to terms of revision, and should she even be able to carry with her for the moment States like Belgium and Poland, whose economic life is and must remain vitally bound to the recovery of Germany, it were better for us and for the world to have this dangerous menace to recovery brought out into the open as soon as possible. For if matters are allowed to drift on, as they are drifting, the near and quite inevitable default of Germany will bring the whole rickety fabric of the peace about our ears, at the darkest and most dangerous moment in the economic history of this country and of Europe. We therefore urge our people and our Government to the immediate consideration of the project of a European Conference, because it offers the only possible escape from the *impasse* in which our nation, in common with the rest of Europe, has been trapped.

UNEMPLOYMENT IN GERMANY.

III.—THE DEVELOPMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS.*

THREE main principles underlie the policy of the Reich in regard to unemployment relief. The first, which was stressed in the opening article of this series, is that utilization of the State-directed Employment Exchanges is absolutely fundamental for constructive treatment. There was also set down the prevalent German opinion that until use of these public exchanges is made compulsory by the complete abolition of newspaper and window advertising, gate-hiring, and private fee-charging exchanges there can be no permanent advance towards a solution of the problem. The second principle of the German Ministry of Labor, discussed on November 5th, is the carrying out of a policy of decasualization, the aim being to transfer those in chronic under-employment to permanent economic life, and to prevent a repetition of the casual-labor problem in the next generation by consciously substituting educative for "blind-alley" vocations for those now entering industry. The agencies of this principle, which have been described in outline, are the adult industrial training (*Umschulung*) programme, and that of vocational guidance (*Berufsberatung*). For the many who cannot, for one reason or another, have their cases handled by specialized industrial training there remains the third principle of German unemployment policy. This is the State-directed provision of employment on public works for those who through no fault of their own are without work during the present emergency. The *produktive Erwerbslosfürsorge*, as this programme is called, is perforce remedial rather than constructive. But it is noteworthy and characteristic that the aim of conscious industrial training for the permanent benefit of the worker is never lost sight of in the German public works programme. It is indeed a variant of *Umschulung*, without the same careful planning on the one hand, and catering for a far greater number on the other, but always with the same underlying idea of improving the chances of the unemployed worker. To illustrate by a single example, there is the case of a Nuremberg pastry-cook who has developed into an expert manipulator of stone-breaking machinery during the progress of the Jura road-building operations.

The substitution of employment on public works for the payment of doles was early recognized by the Republican Ministry of Labor as advisable from every view-point. From the beginning of the new régime State doles for the idle poor have been regarded as a sorry makeshift, the chief argument for which is found in the *tu quoque* criticism of "dividend doles for the idle rich." Neither, it was recognized, could be abolished by arbitrary decree without bringing on a revolutionary *coup* from either the "Left or the Right Bolshevikisms." The problem for the Ministry of Labor was to find a constructive substitute for the system of unemployment doles, and an initial effort at solution was made by an act passed at the beginning of 1920 giving this Ministry authority to subsidize *produktive Erwerbslosfürsorge* from the public Treasury in order to relieve unemployment.

At first narrowly limited in its scope, the law has now been expanded to cover any project manifestly in the public interest. Statistics indicate the scope of the experiment. During the first six months of operation (May 1st to November 1st, 1920) 2,400 contracts, with a total expense of 375,000,000 marks, were let by the Federal Government, States, and municipalities. By October 1st this year over 9,000 contracts had been let. During the first five months of 1921 an average of 230,000* formerly unemployed were continuously engaged in productive work under this legislation. In other words, as the total number of completely workless in Germany receiving doles during this period averaged a little over 420,000, the programme of productive unemployment relief was then cutting down subsidized unemployment by 35 per cent. At the present time it is certainly eliminating more than half of the "natural unemployment," as the number engaged in subsidized productive work is at least as high, while the number receiving full unemployment doles has been reduced to under 200,000.

In nature and in extent the German public works undertakings cover a wide variety. Contract No. 8,976, granted to the hamlet of Eibenberg on June 27th, 1921, was for repairs to the village street, occupied four otherwise unemployed workers for nineteen days, and cost a total of 8,039 marks (then about thirty pounds). Contract No. 9,031, granted the city of Leipzig on June 22nd, 1921, was to carry out a flood-regulation project near the city. It will give work to 200 otherwise unemployed for 225 days each, at a total estimated cost of 9,000,000 marks. The greatest single productive unemployment relief undertaking in Germany to date is the highway system being constructed over the Jura mountains at a cost of seventy million marks. This immense project, designed to bring Bavaria and North Germany into closer contact, is giving work to three thousand unemployed, and was two-thirds completed at the end of August. Another big undertaking, which any visitor to Berlin will literally stumble upon before he has been in the city a day, is the Friedrichstrasse underground railway, started before the war, abandoned for five years, and now resumed as a *produktive* contract. A public hospital is being constructed in Berlin in the same manner. In fact, from irrigation, afforestation, and electrification projects to street paving and the repair and construction of workers' dwellings, there is hardly a type of undertaking of public benefit which has not been already included in the public works programme.

While the municipalities are carrying out many of these public works projects under the management of public officials, private contractors have been selected to handle the work in almost all of the larger undertakings. That this policy, when adequately safeguarded by the

*This figure is from an announcement of the Federal Minister of Labor, quoted by Weck in "Die Erwerbslosenfürsorge," page 67. Apparently it also includes the relatively small numbers undergoing adult industrial training (*Umschulung*) during that period. The other figures are taken from the bi-monthly official "Reichs-Arbeitsblatt."

State, is the more economical and the more efficient under present conditions is frankly admitted by Majority Socialists in charge of the productive work programme. In launching a project the procedure adheres to the following general lines, similar to those already outlined for *Umschulung*. The municipality, which is customarily the applicant for the subsidy, submits full particulars of the work to be undertaken, together with estimates of cost. Approval or disapproval rests with the Ministry of Labor, which in all cases involving large expenditure institutes careful inquiries to see whether the construction desired is of economic and public value, whether the estimates submitted are reasonable, and whether the unemployment situation in the locality in question is sufficiently serious to warrant the enterprise as a relief undertaking. If the Federal Government is satisfied, it grants the municipality a subsidy equal to three-sixths of the cost of the undertaking, two-sixths having to be provided by the State concerned and one-sixth by the municipality itself. Once assurance of the subsidy is secured, the local town council or other public body is free either to go ahead with the work itself, or to accept the most favorable of the competing private contractors.

A most interesting feature of the *produktive Erwerbslosfürsorge* is the plan which has been evolved to ensure that these activities shall give work to *bonâ fide* unemployed. The contractor, in the interest of efficiency, is allowed to gather a certain percentage of the necessary labor himself. These *Stammarbeiter*, or key men, generally workers who have been associated with the firm in other projects and of proved ability and responsibility, are placed by the contractor in the positions where men of known experience are necessary. The number of *Stammarbeiter* allowed varies slightly, but generally in Prussia it is 20 per cent. of the total employed. For the Friedrichstrasse subway, a piece of construction demanding a large proportion of unskilled or semi-skilled workers, it is only 16 per cent. Whenever the contractor can show that it is vital to the work to have a larger number of known workers, that larger percentage will be allowed.

So far the procedure in starting construction is much the same as that customarily followed by the private contractor who starts a building job with a nucleus of proved men, and then hires and "fires" masses of casual labor as he proceeds with the undertaking. At the point where the casual-labor problem first makes itself felt in ordinary private operations comes the safeguard in this German experiment. The four-fifths or five-sixths of the employees who in ordinary operations would be engaged by the private contractor at the gate, or by advertising, or perhaps through a Labor Exchange, must in the German relief works programme be taken on through the public Labor Exchanges. That labor should be secured in this way is as much a part of the contract as the price which is to be paid for the job. And should it seem necessary to discharge a man taken on in this manner, a "right" of the employer which the Works Councils are empowered to overrule if it is being exercised unjustly, not only must the employer give reasons for the discharge to the Employment Exchanges, but he must also hire any man taken on in place of the discharged employee through the same agency.

At least since the historic French failure of 1848, it has been argued that labor employed on public works for relief purposes is inefficient, and carefully the conclusion has been built up that such projects are a

form of interference with private enterprise which should be allowed only a spasmodic development in cases of the most urgent need. An outstanding characteristic of German unemployment policy is that there is nothing spasmodic in any of its experiments, and aside from the obvious benefits of keeping unemployment at a minimum, stimulating business, and accomplishing useful work, it is apparent that the public works programme is developing successfully as a part of permanent policy. The combination of Capitalist and Socialist philosophy involved appears to be a happy one. The contractor is an experienced business man who must bid low to get the contract, and who must manage efficiently to keep it. The labor which is provided through the exchanges is not an unknown, casual quantity, as is inevitably the case with gate and foreman hiring, but is in each instance a registered man with every incentive for keeping his industrial record as good as possible. If he is familiar with the work to which he is sent, he gets the standard trade union wages; if it is new work for him, he is at least assured of a living, while every opportunity is given him to learn. He cannot be "fired" without the employer showing good reason why. Both as an individual and as a member of his union, he knows that the better his job is done the more work of like nature will be available later. The worker is protected in his employment and guarded from the terrible demoralization of continued unemployment; the employer is furnished with business, and hampered only in so far as he is forced to treat his employees as human beings with a position in the State as worthy of protection as is his own; the State, and through it the general public, benefits by the cheap and efficient provision of works which are of proved necessity and real public benefit.

There has been no space in this survey of constructive unemployment policy in Germany even to mention many of the interesting minor developments involved. Thus the regulations in regard to short-time work, of which the salient point is that no employer is allowed to dismiss a worker on grounds of falling demand without having first shortened working hours by half, have been omitted. But enough has probably been said to give at least an impression of the energy and insight with which an exhausted and dismembered country has risen to combat the greatest of post-war problems. Immediately after the Armistice the United States Congress destroyed that nation's entire system of Federal Employment Exchanges with the threadbare excuse that the country could not afford the item of less than six million dollars a year which the whole service cost. In England now, although Mr. Lloyd George is keenly alive to the existence of the problem, it has been seriously proposed by his Government to sweep away 150 of those same Labor Exchanges, the development and increased powers of which are as indispensable to curative unemployment relief as are wheels to a locomotive. The failure of England and America as compared with the success of Germany in coping with this problem is very far from being solely due to the disturbed markets and high production costs of the victors. Germany's markets are even more disturbed, and essential raw materials are for her to-day prohibitive in cost. There is a deeper and less widely heralded reason for the contrast: that the German Government alone has not been afraid to attack the problem of unemployment on scientific lines, regardless of the vested interests it has offended by so doing.

FELIX MORLEY.

THE LIMITATION CONFERENCE.

III.—THE LIMITATION OF CHRIST.

By BERNARD SHAW.

"No country is more anxious for peace and disarmament than France. Unhappily, present conditions in Europe make it impossible for France to lay down her arms. France will do all she dares, but will do nothing imprudent. I fear Germany may return to a militarist policy."—*M. Briand, Prime Minister of France, at the third plenary session of the Washington Conference, November 21st, 1921.*

"When their minimum security requirements have been stated it becomes plain that the conferring States are to be not so much disarmed as stripped for action with a highly efficient, instead of an unwieldy and overwhelmingly expensive equipment. They do not so much propose to give up war as to bring it back by gentlemanly agreement within the restricted possibility of their austere bankruptcy."—*Mr. H. G. Wells, writing from Washington to The Daily Mail, November 18th, 1921.*

"The Army Council has now completed its arrangements for the disbandment of the four Cavalry regiments, 5th Royal Irish Lancers, 19th Royal Hussars (Queen Alexandra's Own), 20th Hussars, and 21st Lancers (Empress of India's)."—*Article headed Doomed Cavalry in The Morning Post, November 24th, 1921.*

I TOLD you so. Without taking the trouble to go to Washington, without stirring ten yards from a little village in Herts, without hedging my reputation as a prophet by a single ambiguity, I have foretold precisely Mr. Wells's conclusion, Mr. Balfour's conclusion, M. Briand's confession, and even the precise form of bogus disarmament with which the preparations for the next war would be camouflaged. And with the incorrigible exception of Mr. Blatchford, who innocently twists me with what he calls my rotten luck as a prophet, nobody has been humbugged. When Mr. Lloyd George replied to President Harding's demand for a Conference by saying that Britain's policy was Security First, I said that security means war, and thereby threw my old friend Henry Arthur Jones into anti-Shavian convulsions. And now Mr. Wells, face to face with the Conference, and head to head with the diplomats, rubs my point in with all the power of his pen through a whole column of *The Daily Mail*, headed with that ghastly caption SECURITY.

I therefore strike from my proof some five hundred words or so which M. Briand, Mr. Balfour, Admirals Baron Kato and Percy Scott, and Mr. H. G. Wells have made superfluous. I claim no credit for my foresight. If I did, they would say to me in Ireland, "You would guess eggs if you saw the shells." I pass on to a consideration of the war about which the Conference is making what Mr. Wells calls accurately its Gentleman's Agreement. I mean, of course, the next war. I wish, as a civilian, to emphasize the fact that the personal risks of that war will be greater for civilians, including women and children, than for soldiers in the field.

The idea that civilians as such are exempt from the risks of war, and are inviolable as to their persons, lasted so long, and is still so inveterate, that I myself came up against it when the first Zeppelin raids in London occurred in the late war. I wrote a letter to *The Times* urging the authorities to provide bomb-proof shelters for the defenceless citizens, especially in the playgrounds of the elementary schools, so that the children might have a familiar refuge. I pointed out that the airplane and the dirigible had at last enabled military forces to overleap the defensive hedge of the army and make war on the civil population at first hand. To my amazement the editor of *The Times* indig-

nantly refused to publish a communication countenancing the monstrous doctrine that civilians are not sacred, and that the soldier who would raise his hand to a fellow creature in mufti, save in the way of kindness, is not unworthy the name of Briton. I could only gasp out "Sancta Simplicitas!" and send my letter to the leading Liberal London daily, then edited by one of the ablest journalists in the country. To my double amazement he also said that he had never expected to agree with the editor of *The Times*, but that in this matter he did so most heartily, and that it would be impossible to publish my letter in any civilized country. But for Mr. Massingham, the editor of *THE NATION*, it would not have been published at all. It had hardly appeared when the Germans rudely awakened the shocked editors from their dream by a fresh shower of explosive iron rain which spared neither age, sex, nor condition, with the exception of the soldiers home on leave, who, having no illusions on the subject, made for the nearest underground railway station at the first sound of an aircraft gun. No American civilian who stayed in his own country during the war can have any adequate conception of how completely every town in England within reach of the air raids was converted to the view that in the next war the only safe people would be the soldiers in their dug-outs. The authorities lied like Cretans to hide the extent of the damage and danger; for it is one of the necessities of war that from the moment the first shot is fired nobody dares to tell the truth on any subject whatever. Not until long after the Armistice, when the claims for compensation from the East Coast towns came before Parliament, did the few people who read Hansard learn that four reported casualties meant four hundred actual ones, that a couple of houses slightly damaged meant a street wrecked, and that a futile and contemptible exhibition of German incompetence and spite, followed by an ignominious flight, meant a daring and successful bombardment. But no extremity of lying could hide the fact that for years nobody in England dared shew a light at night. And all the time the bombs grew bigger. The first bombs tore the fronts off the houses, making them like dolls' houses, with all the furniture in the rooms exposed to view and curiously undisturbed. One of the last destroyed four houses, and made all the rest on that side of the street so unsafe that they had to be closed by order. Meanwhile our R.A.F. was not idle. The Armistice came just in time to stop the Allies from making an air raid on Berlin with the object of smashing it to pieces and asphyxiating the inhabitants. It did not stop many terrible rehearsals in the Rhine towns for that frustrated performance.

I have already pointed out that the operations of the soldiers, consisting of repeated offensives that never quite succeeded, had made everyone despair of a military decision; and when the blockade—that is, the starving out of the civilian population—suddenly made an end of the affair, there was no reason to suppose that the armies, if only their supplies were kept up, could not have gone on fighting for thirty years, or three hundred. Ludendorff does not admit military defeat. He is as confident as ever that with food enough he could have fought all the Allied generals' heads off.

The next war, then, will not be an effort to defeat the opposing army, and thereby compel the defenceless

civilians behind it to accept whatever terms may be imposed on them: it will be an effort to compel the civilian population to choose between direct destruction and the same acceptance, even though its army may be intact, well supplied, and covered with military glory. This is practically a new state of affairs; and it makes an end of the old assumption that foreign policy and war are the business of soldiers and diplomats (in effect, of royal sportsmen and their whippers-in), and not of the civilian commonalty. From this point of view nothing is more staggering about the late war than the fact that even the British House of Commons was not informed of it until the country was actually at war and had been so for twenty-four hours, and that the United States were committed to it by a President who had been elected expressly as the high-minded pacifist hero who had kept his country out of the war and was just the man to continue doing so. The citizens of the States might just as well have elected Theodore Roosevelt for all the difference their votes made to the question of peace or war. Neither the American people nor the British people, nor, for the matter of that, the German people, had the slightest desire to go to war; and one consequence of this was that they had to be lied to on a stupendous scale to persuade them that they were the soldiers of God, and the enemy the black legions of Satan, and to work them up to the necessary pitch of quarrelsome devilment or Quixotic enthusiasm.

The governing classes were for a time desperately anxious as to whether it would be possible to do this; but the result reassured them so completely that the never-ending audacity of elected persons, and the confident insolence of hereditary magnates, have become a greater danger, and have already caused more misery in Europe (and no doubt in America), than all the Huns that ever followed Attila. They have found out how easy it is to do, and are quite sure they can do it again. The question is, can they? They certainly can if the average citizen remains so boyishly ignorant of the realities of war, and so melodramatic in his conception of its causes and issues, as he was in 1914. But there has been an enormous disillusionment since then. The disbanded soldiers, who were solemnly promised in 1914 that their country would never forget them, are starving in the streets of England two hundred thousand strong. A million and a-half Britons who were assured in 1918 that Germany would be thoroughly plundered for their benefit are out of work as a direct consequence of that plunder. No highly civilized population that has been through one war ever wants to go through another—the few who have made fortunes out of it alone excepted. But what are we to do? We are still as helplessly in the hands of our diplomats as ever. Can the Conference tell us what can be done to prevent the English Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and his equivalent in the United States Cabinet, informing their respective compatriots that their countries are at war and that they must step lively for the trenches or for the fleet? Shall we be able to help ourselves even if the waving flags and blaring bands are no longer exciting, and the still louder-blaring liars no longer believed? Not in the least, I should say. Once a shot is fired, all question of right and wrong, of popularity and unpopularity, vanishes: a foreigner is coming for you with a gun, and if you do not shoot him he will shoot you. It is impossible to stop a war once begun: it must be prevented or fought out to the bitter end.

There is only one thing that can prevent it, and that is conviction of sin. The Conference will not prevent it, because the delegates have no such conviction. They

are swollen with the pride of victory, and impenitent and contumacious as to the wickedness it involved. They have insisted on the trial and punishment of all the German officers who ill-treated their prisoners; but no Allied officers have been called to account, the implication being that all the Allied sergeants were lambs, all the Allied colonels gentle-tongued teetotallers, and all the Allied internment camps orphans' asylums. Everybody who is not an ignorant gull in diplomatic matters knows now that the Powers do not believe in peace, and are all preparing for the next war by alliances and counter-alliances. The opening of the Conference has been celebrated by warlike ceremonies round the graves of those pathetic Unknown Warriors who would so much rather have been made much of when they were known and alive, all propagating the belief that war is the most splendid of human activities, and success in it the supreme glory. Had any person suggested the smallest doubt that the Unknown Warriors were in heaven looking proudly down amid a host of angels on the honor paid to their skeletons, he would have been lynched. All the pageantry was military pageantry. Battle flags hang in all the cathedrals. The men who were at Mons or St. Mihiel were exalted; and the men who said, "Sirs, ye are brothers: wherefore do ye wrong one to another?" are in prison or silenced. Neither Mr. Hughes nor President Harding has ventured to say: "War is a crime which we must expiate by extirpating it; for the plunder of the fallen, however disguised as reparation, indemnity, and the like, is theft, and has already brought on the starving people of the victorious nations all the evils of defeat." And no priest has added: "The word of the Lord against war has been fulfilled to the bitter uttermost: the kings of the earth who rose up and took counsel against Him are in the dust; and the demagogues who persuaded the people for them have slain more innocents than Herod in their attempts to conduct the peace as they conducted the war."

I should not use these expressions myself, because the people might reply: "For God's sake, no more rhetoric: we have had enough of it." I therefore prefer to dwell on the following cold facts. The war has been a delusion and a failure in respect of every one of the objects with which the diplomats perpetrated it; and the peace has been more delusive and disastrous than the war. It has not readjusted the balance of power to a secure equilibrium: it has left it more unstable than ever, and produced two storm centres, the European and the Pacific, where there was only one before. It has not allayed the fear of Germany which has oppressed the world since 1870: it has intensified it on the part of France to a point at which it has brought her to the verge of open conflict with comparatively phlegmatic England. It has not rescued subjugated nationalities by obliterating strategic frontiers and substituting ethnographic ones: the new frontiers are as unnatural as the old ones, only the jackboot is on the other leg. Belgium is not neutralized: it has now a treaty with France; and England, for the first time in her history, has had to put up with this after half ruining herself three times over in gigantic wars to prevent it. Ordinary political liberty, surviving in Germany, has ceased to exist in England, France, and the United States. The victors have not been relieved from German industrial competition: on the contrary, the Welsh collieries have lost their export trade; the shipwrights and engineers of the Tyneside and the Tees find their occupation gone because all the new ships come from Germany by way of indemnity; the import duties imposed on German

exporters are paid by the British consumer who voted for making Germany pay; the victorious heroes who charged the German trenches are flying before the charges of the British mounted police lest they should storm the House of Commons to clamor for bread for their children; and a famous Irish editor, Mr. George Russell (A.E.), notes that the only person who has come out of the war with any intellectual credit is Jesus Christ, it being now apparent that if all the combatants had turned the other cheek and given the cloak after the coat they would be much better off than they are at present.

So much for the failures of the war: what about its successes? It has swept the Hapsburgs, the Hohenzollerns, and the Romanoffs into the dustbin of history; scattered the empires into groups of republics which have changed the typical form of modern government from the monarchical to the democratic-republican; and set up in the huge country which straddles across the Eurasian frontier a Communist State with an army which has made mincemeat of the invasions of Koltchak, Wrangel, and Denikin: Trotsky, its Carnot, being a genius whom the British police imprisoned as a dangerous character when he was in England.

Now God may have intended all that; but most certainly the Kaiser, the Tsar, the Apostolic Emperor, President Poincaré, and Lord (then Sir Edward) Grey did not intend it. The survivors of them would face another war to restore the *status quo ante* if they saw half a chance of success. I cannot answer for President Harding: his country, alone among the belligerents, is not bankrupt; but as it can neither eat nor sell its mountain of gold, and so many of its citizens have nothing else to eat, his sentiments can be guessed without difficulty.

Well, my lords and gentlemen, was it worth while? Man proposes: war disposes. And, as your darling object is that you shall dispose, is it prudent, even leaving the damning of your souls out of the question, to bring into the field, at enormous expense and risk, a force that treats you and your policies as the autumn wind treats the fallen leaves? What is the use of victories that land you in all the destitution of defeat, surrounded by revolutionary volcanoes on the sites of the nice orderly royal and imperial Foreign Offices, full of well-dressed cadets of the governing classes, that welcomed you before? You have learnt to play billiards with the spot stroke barred: why not try diplomacy with the sword stroke barred?

I have little hope of your having the nerve or the vision to do it, perhaps because some of the big changes that have been so distressing to you have been congenial to me. You will probably declare with M. Briand that everything I have said is true ("only too true" will be the formula); that you desire nothing more earnestly than the disappearance of war from civilized life; and that, when you have fulfilled your first patriotic duty of making your country absolutely secure against the hostile combinations which threaten her on all sides, you will certainly see what can be done. And I shall thank you for nothing. I am already aware that you are in favor of all goodness, provided it costs nothing. Indeed, I am the first to admit that to assume that anything injurious to you can possibly be good is to deny the righteousness and benevolence of God. Only I am not convinced that you know what is good for you quite so far-sightedly as God does. Until you do you will continue to glory in slaughtering one another under the mistaken impression that the plunder of your victories will enrich you and their conquests make you strong. And, really, whilst those are your beliefs, I doubt whether you could be better employed.

A London Diary.

LONDON, THURSDAY.

THE under-tow of the Liverpool Conference was, I imagine, rather stronger than the surface results would seem to show. Certainly the Die-Hards were badly beaten. Mr. Chamberlain made a magnificent speech, and the delegates were well and successfully canvassed in the interests of the Irish settlement. But I hope that too much was not given away in the process. Sir Laming Worthington-Evans assumed that Sinn Fein would accept not only the Crown and the guardianship of the Navy, but an Irish contribution to the Debt and to pensions. Is that so? Or was this rather Ulsterian member of the Government giving free rein to his hopes and to Sinn Fein's compliance with them? After all, Ulster has shown nothing of her hand but its accustomed violence; and the prospect of a hard financial bargain with Ireland is unlikely to open it any wider. On the whole, the result of the Conference is to tighten the hold of Toryism on the Prime Minister. It has committed him to its fixed and strongly supported policy of a "reform" of the House of Lords, as a bulwark of property. This would seem to imply—No Election, and a new Session with a Tory measure in the front line of its programme. That, in turn, would be equivalent to a final breach with Liberalism. But till it is known whether there is to be an Irish settlement all such forecasts are almost meaningless. With a failure of the negotiation, what Ministry could hope to weather the storm? Resignation or dissolution would be the only alternatives. And either event would open the way to a general return to party politics.

THAT is the existing tendency. Mr. George may go Liberal at the last moment; but would the Liberals accept him? The answer is an almost certain No. He may go Tory. Would the Tory Party follow his lead? The answer is doubtful. The Tory rank and file grow more and more eager to reconstitute the old political scene, set up with a democratic back-cloth or two, maybe, to vary the time-honored properties. But there is another strain of thought. The Cecilian Conservatives, modern, progressive, and idealistic in feeling, will not look at the Prime Minister. They will coalesce with the Grey movement; but, like the Die-Hards, they declare for a return to principles. The Georgian *entourage* is utterly distasteful, its moral atmosphere stifles them; and they refuse to open a war with Labor. They represent the moral protest against Lloyd Georgeism. They think the recent government of England is a disgrace to her, and they will say so, refusing all co-operation with the evil thing, and with the unconstitutional practices on which it rests.

IN such a *mélée*, the part of Liberalism is to sound a note of a broad, comprehensive rally to the doctrines of peace and reconstructive effort, and to cast the thought of reaction and the timid counsels of interest utterly away. If the Liberals go back, as one or two of their public men desire, to the old Manchesterism without its soul, and reject the new, all power of control over the forces of the future, to say nothing of rational co-operation with Labor, will leave them. At present the omens are good for a new start, provided the starters have the root of the matter in them. The Grey-Cecil movement has caught on, and there has been a distinct

reflow of the intellectuals to their ranks. If Newcastle speaks out bold and clear, a great Liberal revival may ensue, with hope for England and Europe on its wings. The country wants a change of government, and it might accept Lord Grey, with Mr. Asquith's co-operation, as the head of an Administration of the Left. But it wants above all a hand to lift it out of the bog of opportunism which sucks at the spiritual vigor of our time.

FRANCE's voice against the peace of Washington has surprised even those who saw her as its inevitable disturber. Mr. Wells says with truth that it is in substance a declaration against England, a proclamation of her "unimportance," if not of a positive design to counter her reduced fleet with the submarine. The "Times" has the face to treat Mr. Balfour's subdued threnody on the Briand speech as if it were an endorsement of its unabashed militarism. That is like the "Times," which knows perfectly well what the true state of affairs between French and British policy is, and how fearfully it reacts on the peace of Europe. To-day it is a race between the two, the one to save Germany, the other to destroy her. France is usually first; for the simple reason that she has her army of black and white conscripts, and we have not, and that wherever she puts her foot she plants more soldiers. In a word, there is not only French militarism but a travelling mission of militarism. Now France takes a fresh step, and tells America that this is her policy, and that she has no idea of changing it. Well, what is America going to do about it? France was not handsomely served on the economic side of the Treaty, but she has been given no excuse for her re-militarization of Europe. Now she has written her Old World's amendment across the New World's pact; and made every Power concerned turn sceptically back on its naval contribution to it. There could be no greater offence to civilization.

MR. HYNDMAN, who has just died, was the father of Socialism as my generation knew it. He was neither its philosopher nor its political agent. He simply gave it the immense advertisement of his picturesque self, his literary genius, and his tremendous self-confidence. With him the Revolution was always at hand; and if it did not happen yesterday, to-morrow's red dawn was sure. If I enumerated the number of times that Mr. Hyndman assured me that nothing could now save the *bourgeoisie*, and that I had better hurry up and join the last files of the Red Army's march, I should only awake the smile of disbelief. At last it came—as far away as Petrograd; and instantly the good old Tory that Mr. Hyndman was rallied to the smiting of Lenin and Trotsky. There never was a sincerer person; or one in whom the theoretical enthusiast lived more absolutely apart from the primitive and real man. He was almost a great writer, and as a speaker had few equals in England, if the classical model were all. His appearance was Jovian. And for all his tongue of fire and sometimes of gall, he had a most tender and constant heart.

I AM glad that the dramatic critics have been given a chance of a second hearing of "Heartbreak House," for if this magnificent play is not an easy one, both its humor and its dramatic intention gain, like most of Shaw's work, and, indeed, like all true artistry, by familiarity. A certain number of people did not understand what Mr. Shaw was talking about, for the reason that they were

unacquainted with the special types of decadence represented in the talkers. Not everybody knows how England is governed and by whom—that is to say, between Heartbreak House and Horseback Hall. But the critics must share the blame with the uncritical ones. They are accustomed to take the theatre for what it is, and they keep it down. The moment a true criticism of life and affairs is spiritually presented and carefully studied from reality, they shy at it. Mr. Shaw is not the only sufferer. A few months ago Mr. Galsworthy wrote an obvious reflection on the war. Some of the critics must have known what he was driving at. But instead of telling the plain truth that here was a parable of Britain and Germany, addressed to the soul of the British people, the critics, finding the outer play a fine dramatic story, allowed it to rest at that, and let its spirituality go hang. I say this is a sin against art and the mind of the people, for whom art exists. And it goes right through the criticism of the theatre. Its true values are under-stated, or not stated at all. Is it that our drama is in the hands of a trivial commercialism? The critics are to blame. Have our actors ceased to know even how to speak Shakespeare, to say naught of playing him? It is the fault of the critics. As a consequence, are the knowledge and love of great dramatic literature, no less than pity and righteous fear, dying out of the nation's heart? Let the critics answer for it.

I SUPPOSE it is impossible to make the Duke of Atholl's appointment the occasion for a renewed appeal to take the censorship of plays out of the office of Lord Chamberlain. It is not that he has any qualifications for that portion of his duties. There are literary peers; but I have not heard that he is one of them. If Lord Crewe, or Lord Newton, or Lord Ribblesdale had been otherwise eligible for the post of Lord Chamberlain, the notion of attaching the control of the British drama to a Court appointment would have been divested of a trifle of its absurdity. But one judges the Duke of Atholl to be the average man of property, with business instincts and an acquaintance with Court and military ceremonial. Nothing else is, or ought to be, asked of a normal Lord Chamberlain. But the linking-up of the Censorship to his office requires that he should also be a poet, a student of the drama, and an enthusiast for its welfare. Of course we make no such demand. If we happened to possess an Admirable Crichton among the peers, we should use him up for something better than a Lord Chamberlain. The theatre does not interest us as a national concern; and the Duke of Atholl, or any other courtier of rank who comes along, is invited to do with it as he pleases. Naturally, therefore, he strikes an average slightly below that of the more intelligent playgoer. If the fashion is for lubricity, lubricity it shall be. More likely it is for the insipid, imitative, mechanical, pictorial, fleshly, and altogether conventional theatre—in a word, for the thing we have too much of already. Only ideas, especially the revolutionary ones, and contact with realities, especially the unpleasant ones, must be avoided. With the Duke of Atholl's appointment we open a fresh chapter in the story of degradation, with, so far as I can gather, this solitary protest against it.

Is it true that Mr. Krassin has no relations with the Foreign Office, though he conducts the business of his delegation through another department of Government?

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

ACCORDING TO BEAVERBROOK.

OCCASIONALLY in the world's history a speech is made over a grave, or a sermon is preached upon a mount, or a book is written which sums up the ideals and aspirations of an era or a century. Looking back to the second book of Thucydides, or to the works of Rousseau, one sees clearly that what Pericles did for Athens, and Rousseau for the rebels of the eighteenth century, Lord Beaverbrook has now done in a small book, entitled "Success" (Stanley Paul, 2s. 6d. net), for the more enlightened survivors of the Great War. These great summings-up of the passions of thousands of men living at a particular moment upon the earth are necessarily simple and direct, striking in a single phrase or sentence straight to the unexpressed thoughts or feelings of ordinary men. "In a word," said Pericles, "we are lovers of the beautiful: our tastes are simple, and we cultivate the mind without losing manliness"; and the ordinary Athenian to whom he spoke thought of the Acropolis, the tragedies of Sophocles, and the intellectual gymnastics of the courts and assembly. "Blessed are the meek," said Christ, "for they shall inherit the earth"; and thousands of men and women, over whom the steam-roller of Roman civilization had passed, raised their heads and re-echoed the hope that somewhere there was a kingdom of heaven for the meek and the poor and the oppressed, a kingdom into which the Roman militarist, the Pharisee, and the wealthy publican capitalist would find it precious hard to enter. "Success," says Lord Beaverbrook in the first sentence addressed by him to the young men of Britain, "success—that is the royal road we all want to tread, for the echo off its flagstones sounds pleasantly to the mind. It gives to man all that the natural man desires. . . ."

"All that the natural man desires. . . ." In 120 pages Lord Beaverbrook tells us what it is and how it is attainable, with a directness, simplicity, and charm which seem to be a characteristic of the great idealist. It is a curious and fascinating experience to watch him uncover in a sentence the main motives, the ultimate ends of action, in contemporary life. Nothing, we were told in the nursery, succeeds like success, but for Lord Beaverbrook it is only a particular kind of success which succeeds. The making of money for him means success. He complains that his critics have unjustly accused him of materialism for holding this view, but he denies that he is an apostle of pure materialism. "I quite recognize the existence of other ambitions in the walks of Art, Religion, or Literature." But he is not concerned with them, because he is talking to the young men who want "to build up a new nation." "Money," he exclaims, "the word has a magical sound." And in the modern world money is the only magician's wand. "The money brain is, in the modern world, the supreme brain. Why? Because that which the greatest number of men strive for will produce the fiercest competition of intellect." We are lovers of money and power, the modern Pericles would say over the grave of the Unknown Warrior, our tastes are financial, and we deal in stocks and shares without loss of manliness. Blessed are the successful financiers: for they shall inherit the earth.

But we should do Lord Beaverbrook and our era an injustice if we implied that their philosophy of success is quite so simple as it appears in the preceding para-

graph. There is, indeed, a subtlety in Lord Beaverbrook's philosophy and psychology. He does not understand by success mere money-making; success, the echo of whose flagstones sounds so pleasantly in his ears, is a divine amalgam of money *plus* power. All values are determined by reference to this supreme object of human ambition. Brains, for instance, are defined as "that which combined with money produces power." Fame "is only another name for either money or power." Judgment, Industry, and Health "are the three pillars on which we can build the golden pinnacle of" money and power—success. Success, then, of money and power, achieved and controlled by the supreme mind of the twentieth century, the money mind, is to become for "the ordinary practical man" not only an ideal, but a religion. I am always led back, says Lord Beaverbrook, to "the central conception of success as some kind of temple which satisfies the mind of the ordinary practical man." There it stands with its foundations firm set upon money and power, its three pillars of Judgment, Industry, and Health, its golden pinnacle of power and money, its high priests of Throgmorton Street and Wall Street, the Acropolis of the twentieth century, the kingdom of heaven of the modern world.

It is the main object of Lord Beaverbrook's volume to explain to the young men of Britain the actual methods by which alone they can thrust themselves into this temple. We cannot follow him through all his charming exposition of the rules for admission to his religious order; we can but touch upon one or two of the most important points. We note, for instance, that in the financial heaven or temple there is a well-defined hierarchy. We gather that only millionaires are the archangels who penetrate into the inner shrine of the temple of success; and, like Christianity at some periods of its growth, the modern religion of money and power develops a dogma of "predestination." Why, we ask ourselves the not unnatural question, should one man be born with feelings and passions which seem to make it certain that he will enter the Kingdom of Heaven, while another is born with those which condemn him inevitably to the ultimate pains of Hell, and why should one man be born with a temperament which lands him with Lord Beaverbrook among the golden pinnacles and the millionaires, while another is born with gifts which end only in his dying in the outermost court of the temple among the motley crowd of failures, from the penniless poet to the needy clerk who adds up the figures in the archangel's office? There were sects of Christians who answered the first question by the word "predestination"; salvation was a temperament bestowed on the recipient by an all-powerful God. Lord Beaverbrook gives much the same answer to the second question: "success is a constitutional temperament bestowed on the recipient by the gods . . . (it) is partly a matter of predestination and partly of free will."

It nearly all depends upon judgment. If the gods only give you enough judgment, and you don't die of measles or consumption, you will infallibly become a millionaire. Genius will not help you, for, as Lord Beaverbrook remarks, "Shelley had genius, but he would not have been a success in Wall Street—though," he adds appreciatively, "the poet showed a flash of business knowledge in refusing to lend money to Byron." This supreme quality of judgment, round which "there cluster many hundred qualities, like the setting round a jewel," is analyzed with considerable subtlety by Lord Beaverbrook. It consists in the power of assimilating

knowledge and of using it for the ultimate end, money-making. Its material is "the opinions of men and the movement of markets." It is an illuminating fact that when Lord Beaverbrook comes to give our young men practical advice about success, he says that the first key to open the door of the temple is the acquisition of judgment as to the real value of things. Now the real value of a thing is its money value, the amount of money which you can induce a man to give you for it. The money brain, the supreme brain of the modern world, has this instinct for correctly estimating the real value of things, and then cultivates "it in the early days when the mind is still plastic, until it develops beyond all recognition." "When I was a boy," Lord Beaverbrook tells his young disciples, "I knew the value in exchange of every marble in my village, and this practice of valuing became a subconscious habit, until, so long as I remained in business, I always had an intuitive perception of the real and not the face value of an article."

Unfortunately we have not the space in which to follow minutely the rules of financial morality which Lord Beaverbrook develops from the broad principles of his creed. Nor can we pause, as we should like to do, and muse a little over the shining examples of successful men whom he holds up to the admiration and imitation of his hearers: the Prime Minister who "sips a single glass of Burgundy at dinner for the obvious reason that he enjoys it, and not because it might stimulate his activities"; or the Lord Chancellor whose teetotalism and capacity for governing himself are "pointing upwards to still greater heights of power." We must leave these fascinating pictures and this praise of famous men in order not, by omission, to do an injustice to Lord Beaverbrook. The ultimate end of human life is, in his opinion, not, after all, money or power or success. In an early chapter of his book he says that his motto in life is "to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly," a motto which, unless we are mistaken, comes originally from the somewhat unsuccessful prophet, Micah. Now the three great rules in this motto are, according to Lord Beaverbrook, the three pillars of another temple, "the Temple of Happiness, which stands near by the Temple of Success." Luckily the three pillars of the Temple of Happiness also prove to be extremely helpful in holding up the Temple of Success: for instance, mercy, in addition to making you happy, may also prove extremely useful financially, because the business man "always knows that at some time in his career he, too, may need a merciful interpretation of a financial situation"; or, again, an arrogant young business man may later on in life find that, just as his foot is crossing the threshold of the Temple of Success, someone will (financially) stick a knife into his back, and "he will realize that he is paying in maturity for the indiscretions of his youth." But, quite apart from such subtleties, happiness is really the end and success the means, according to Lord Beaverbrook. Therefore the successful millionaire should retire young, in order to enjoy the real happiness of successful middle age, which probably consists in politics, journalism, or the management of charitable organizations. It is from the inner shrine of his Temple of Happiness, a politician, the owner of journals and even journalists, the manager of charitable organizations, that Lord Beaverbrook in his last sentences beckons encouragingly to the youth of Britain. "My final message," he says, "is one of hope to youth. Dare all. . . . Then the Temple of Success will assuredly be open to you, and you will pass from it into the inner shrine of happiness."

Letters to the Editor.

THE PLIGHT OF RUSSIAN SCIENTISTS.

SIR,—I presume that you all acknowledge as an undeniable fact that the most valuable treasure of humanity is its intellectual force, its scientific experiment, and that the most precious men in the world are the men of science; it is to their gifts and creative spirit that the civilizations of America and Europe owe their power and beauty.

Allow me, then, to draw your attention to the fact that a considerable group of people—impersonating and developing further and further the world's scientific experiment—the Russian men of science—are doomed to die of hunger. Their situation becomes more and more tragical. Without mentioning the general conditions of life in Russia, known to you all, I will point out that during four years the workers of Russian science have undergone a state of chronic hunger, and are so far exhausted that even the slightest illness among them ends in death.

The re-establishment of free trade cannot improve the condition of the Russian scientific men owing to the high prices for food, the absence of goods of first necessity on the market, and, finally, because the Soviet Government, lacking the money, cannot pay for the work of the professors, who have thus remained unpaid since August, 1921.

The exhaustion among them progresses swiftly, and the time is not far ahead when they will be seen dying by dozens. Immediate help is needed in order to protect their lives, to save the best brains of Russia. Of first necessity are flour, grain, beans, fats, and sugar.

This, dear sir, is no prayer, but a natural demand, addressed to people who know that science is the foundation of real culture and that only the work of science is actually international and universal.

And, further, in spite of the indescribably hard conditions during the war and the revolution, the Russian scientists have shown enough strength to continue their valuable work—the Academy of Science and different scientific societies, and men have written and prepared a number of valuable works, having an undeniably universal importance. These manuscripts amount to about 20,000 printed pages.

These works cannot be printed in Russia owing to lack of paper and technical means.

Dear sir, America and Great Britain would bring a great gift to the cause of humanity by creating a fund for printing the works of Russian scientists. This would enrich the world by a considerable amount of new works in all branches of science.

It is not my task to speak of the methods for the practical execution of this idea, but I think that in carrying it out the world of culture will experience acutely for the first time its spiritual unity.

For the citizens of the richest of countries, which can execute immense industrial undertakings, this task should be such an easy one.

Let me believe that my appeal will not remain a voice crying in the wilderness.—Yours, &c.,

M. GORKY.

October 28th, 1921.

[We gather it is Maxim Gorky's wish to have this appeal brought to the notice of the Carnegie Committee.—En. THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

GERMANY AND ENGLAND.

SIR,—Your searching article upon "The Question of Responsibility," in your issue for October 29th, suggests two points from recent history, which perhaps I may be allowed to outline.

1. If the late Emperor William II. and his statesmen were seriously planning the conquest, overthrow, or

devastation of their neighbors throughout twenty years (as so constantly asserted or assumed), why did they so utterly neglect or refuse such remarkable opportunities of aggression both upon France (or the Franco-Russian coalition) and upon Britain? Was there not abundant material for such a purpose in the 'nineties, and even down to 1906, especially in the Far East and in Africa? Did not the Niger and Nile disputes between France and Britain (from Fashoda downwards), the Chinese crises of 1897-99 (Port Arthur and the rest), the great Boer War, and even the Russo-Japanese conflict, again and again seem to invite the Germans to seek "something to their advantage"? Was not Germany most vehemently urged in these years, now by Russia, now by Britain, to intervene? And did she not, with amazing absence of purpose and policy, stand aside till it was no longer easy to seize such a "place in the sun," and her whole sky was covered with thunder-clouds?

2. To Prince Bismarck have sometimes been attributed, by those who know him little but hate him much, the origins of this "German plot" of universal dominion, especially directed against Britain. Whereas the later system of this strange "Peace-Fanatic" (as the Iron Chancellor called himself after 1871) seems surely to aim at making Germany the centre of a web of European alliances, ententes, and friendly understandings. "As long as Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy are united in the Triple Alliance, and they can reckon on the help of England's sea-power, the peace will not be broken." And as to the dangerous Eastern neighbor: "We had no cause for a war with Russia, and no Eastern interest that could justify the sacrifice of our prolonged good relations with Russia." The strain of 1878 and the Berlin Treaty was eased once more by the secret Russo-German compacts of 1881, 1884, and 1887. On the other side of Europe Bismarck saw in Britain another "old traditional" friend. "I cannot see any reasons for possible enmity between Germany and England . . ." And if, he declared, he should discover any danger of alienation in this quarter, he would endeavor by all means "to avoid losing England's goodwill." That goodwill perhaps he never possessed so completely as in the closing years of his power, when Lord Salisbury welcomed the Triple Alliance as "glad tidings of great joy," and even gave it a measure of material support in the Anglo-Italian agreement of 1887.—Yours, &c.,

C. RAYMOND BEAZLEY.

Birmingham.

"RECENT SHAKESPEARIAN RESEARCH."

SIR,—In an article under the above heading in the October number of the "Quarterly Review," Mr. C. R. Haines writes (p. 229): "There cannot be the smallest doubt that Shakespeare [*i.e.*, William Shakspere, of Stratford] was possessed of books at his death. One of these, with his undoubted signature [my italics], 'W. Shr.' is still extant in the Bodleian Library. . . . A second, Florio's version of Montaigne (1603), bears the signature 'Wilm Shakspere,' which is with some reason regarded as genuine."

Now Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, who, I believe, is generally considered our foremost "paleographer," has told us that the "Florio's Montaigne" signature is an "undoubted forgery" (I have in my possession a letter of his addressed from the British Museum in 1904 to the late Sir Herbert Tree, and kindly forwarded by the latter to me, in which Sir Edward so states); and the same high authority writes in "Shakespeare's England" (Vol. I., p. 308, n.), "Nor is it possible to give a higher character to the signature, 'Wm She.' [not 'W. Shr.' as Mr. Haines prints it] in the Aldine Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' 1502, in the Bodleian Library."

How in the face of this Mr. C. R. Haines can assert that the book referred to, in the Bodleian Library, bears Shakespeare's "undoubted signature," or that the "Florio" signature is with reason regarded as genuine, I am quite unable to understand.

A further question is suggested by the following passage in Mr. Haines's article. Alluding to the suit of "Belott v. Mountjoy," he writes: "From this suit we also learn an interesting by-fact, namely, that Belott and his wife, after

quitting the Mountjoys, lived in the house of George Wilkins, the playwright, who had the honor of collaborating with Shakespeare in 'Pericles,' and possibly in 'Timon.'" Here I would ask what particle of evidence is there that the "George Wilkins, Victualer," mentioned in the action, was George Wilkins the pamphleteer and hack-dramatist? It is true Professor Wallace has told us that, although "we have known nothing about Wilkins personally before," he thinks that "more than one reader with a livelier critical interest in these [Shakespearian] plays may be able to smell the victualer" ("Harper's Magazine," March, 1910, p. 509); but, really, we can hardly be expected to put implicit confidence in the deductions of Dr. Wallace's olfactory organ. What warrant, then, has Mr. Haines to characterize as a "fact" that which is only guess-work and assumption? For my part, I can no more "smell the victualer" in the author of "The Miseries of Inforst Marriage" than I can "smell" (as did Professor Wallace) the French official Herald in Mountjoy of Muggie Street!

One more question and I have done, though many more occur to me. Mr. Haines invites our attention to "The Plume MSS., which gave us the only glimpse of John Shakespeare at his home, cracking jests with his famous son" (p. 241). May I respectfully ask him if it is not the fact that this pleasant picture of John Shakespeare rests upon the (alleged) statement of Sir John Mennes, and that Sir John Mennes was born on March 1st, 1599, whereas John Shakespeare died in September, 1601, so that the infant Mennes must, presumably, have been taken from his cradle in Kent, in his nurse's arms, for the purpose of interviewing that "merry-cheeked old man," of which interview he made a record from memory when he had learnt to write?

I trust Mr. Haines will enlighten a perplexed inquirer as to these matters in the second article, which, as I gather, he is to contribute to the "Quarterly Review" on the results of "Recent Shakespearian Research."—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE GREENWOOD.

NEW YORK AND MANCHESTER.

SIR,—In an article called "New York and Manchester" in your issue of the 12th inst., your contributor refers to "Louis Jennings, a clever and cynical English Tory, well known in the 'seventies as the author of 'Ginx's Baby' . . ." I suppose your contributor is referring to Edward Jenkins, a brilliant writer of those days. Jenkins was Agent-General for Canada, and M.P. for Dundee, and a Liberal. I do not know who Louis Jennings was, but the author of "Ginx's Baby" was Edward Jenkins.—Yours, &c.,

SIDNEY JERROLD.

[We regret the slip. Louis Jennings was correctly described as editor of "N.Y.T." He was also a member of the House of Commons and a close friend of Randolph Churchill's till a breach occurred. Edward Jenkins had a totally different character, career, and set of opinions.—ED. THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

"WILL SHAKESPEARE."

SIR,—On the programme of the play which was produced last week at the Shaftesbury Theatre, the audience is told that the incidents do not claim "to be true to history." Yet the author asks the public to accept her play as an attempt "to suggest the nature of the experiences which went to the development of Shakespeare's genius." But if the "history" is invented, so, of necessity, must be the "experiences," and to the extent that the facts are untrue, so certainly must it be unjust and ungenerous to connect them with the name and the character of the man who was not concerned with them!

This stain on Shakespeare's reputation would certainly have been deeply resented by his contemporary fellow dramatists. Indeed, Ben Jonson honored, respected, and "loved the man on this side idolatry." May I then, in your columns, express my regret that Londoners should be asked to forget what they owe to the poet's memory and to that of his known friends?—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM POEL.

November 21st, 1921.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

ARMAMENT shares went down, but general sentiment improved, at the news of the suspension of the orders for the four new battleships. The suspension strengthens hopes that, on the question of naval armaments, at any rate, the Washington Conference will produce a great achievement; and to look at the matter in a narrower and more parochial aspect, the suspension of these four vessels will save the taxpayer £30 millions—an immediate saving of no mean dimensions when next year's Budget complexities are considered. Irish uncertainties continue to exercise a disturbing effect, while the visit of the Reparations Commission to Berlin, followed by the visit of Herr Stinnes to London, has brought the reparations problem again to the fore as a topic of City discussion. Herr Stinnes declares that he is here on matters arising out of his extensive private interests; but this profession has not succeeded in killing manifold rumors as to possible official objects of his visit. These rumors have encouraged speculative purchasers of marks and of German 3 per cent. stock. If no easement takes place in the reparations programme, it is difficult to predict the extent of further falls in the mark's exchange value. If, on the other hand, a revision, or suspension, or change of programme were agreed upon, then the way would seem to be open to some recovery. Mark depreciation is not, as some people appear to think, purely the result of inflation in Germany. On the contrary, the depreciation is out of all proportion to the activities of the printing press. It seems a little curious that speculators have been paying so much attention to German 3 per cents. and so little to Prussian 3 per cents. Of the two, the latter is probably the better security, and it is also cheaper. If I were compelled to gamble on the future of the mark I should prefer to do so by purchasing Prussian 3 per cents. But even this is a very risky speculation, and I must once more warn the small investor against having anything to do with the gamble at this juncture in German currency or stocks. The reason why German Threes are the favorite speculative security is that the market for them is readier.

THE DEBT QUESTION.

Reparations and Inter-Allied debts are in reality part of the same branch of the world's economic problem. It is now certain that Inter-Allied debts will not be discussed specifically at the Washington Conference. Any general discussion of the problem is for the moment prohibited by the political atmosphere in the United States. Irish feeling and organization is, I am told, too strong to permit American statesmen even to discuss proposals which public opinion would regard as calculated to bring financial gain to Britain; while, as regards the Continent, American opinion wishes to be assured, before considering debt remission, that the resulting easement of the financial outlook in certain Continental countries would not merely serve to encourage warlike preparations and actions. Peace in Ireland, and the establishment of pacific policy and attitudes in Europe, would appear to be the conditions to be fulfilled before American statesmen can take any step towards constructive proposals in regard to debt questions. I am glad to see that Mr. W. T. Layton lends the weight of his economic judgment to the view that we should make a start by boldly cancelling France's war debt to this country.

COLONIAL BORROWINGS.

The new £6,000,000 Union of South Africa loan came upon the Stock Exchange at a moment when markets were looking for a brief respite from the flood of high-class investment flotations. This large issue did not impair, on the whole, the firmness of the gilt-edged section, but it caused a decline in the quotation of the South Africa issue of two months ago and in the scrip of a few recent loans. On the whole, it is remarkable how well the investment markets withstand the influence of this perpetual stream of Colonial borrowings. And it must be remembered that the stream is by no means over. A few weeks ago we were told that Mr. Churchill was making arrangements for the Crown

Colonies to borrow £20,000,000 on their own security. Of this large sum more than three-quarters still remains to be issued. It is said that the Straits Settlements are the next on the list of borrowers. One effect of the demand in the new capital market is visible in the latest week's figures of national revenue and expenditure. Receipts from sales of 5½ per cent. Treasury Bonds in the week ending November 19th were under £7,000,000, as compared with £14,000,000 and £26,000,000 in preceding weeks. This decline is presumably the result of new issue competition. But whatever new issues come along, cautious investors should not lose sight of the undeniable attraction of these Treasury Bonds for investment purposes. Fortunately, the falling off in Treasury Bond sales coincided with exceptionally heavy revenue receipts, and once again the floating debt was reduced.

POINTS IN THE RAILWAY OUTLOOK.

The continued depression in the home railway market is due partly to the effect of trade depression, partly to the absence of official figures of traffics, and partly to uncertainties about borrowing necessities. It is possible to produce a row of formidable arguments for supposing that pessimism has been overdone. In view of the compensation payments due to the railways on December 31st next and on December 31st, 1922, under the Government agreement, it may be argued that with such receipts in view no immediate anxiety need be felt as to railway dividends in general. It is also held by experts that after the transition period has been negotiated and the provisions of the Railway Act, relating to amalgamation, &c., have had time to reach completion and effectiveness, there is nothing to bar the railways from a comparatively remunerative future. But it must be confessed that the provisions of a Bill to be promoted by the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, details of which appeared in Tuesday night's "London Gazette," introduce a very disquieting element into the outlook. The object of the Bill is to acquire powers for borrowing on mortgage debentures, and if the Bill goes through, apparently all existing rights of the prior charge stocks will be upset and others substituted, while the new securities to be issued will rank *pari passu* with existing debentures and before the preference stock. Is the policy of the Brighton Railway to be generally followed? No wonder the market for Home Rails feels a little anxious.

INDUSTRIAL LOSSES.

The inevitably unpleasant effects of the trade depression upon the fortunes of industrial companies and their shareholders have in hosts of cases been seriously aggravated by the widespread failure of company directors to foresee the sudden and complete collapse of the post-Armistice trade boom. The point is well illustrated this week by the issue of the report of Burberry's Limited. In its first year as a public limited company this well-known concern made net profits of £378,000; in its second, closing on March 31st last, it made a loss of £485,000. This was due in the main to the collapse of the price of textile materials, which the directors had purchased ahead on an ambitious scale. Stocks required very drastic writing down, and, as a result of the year's unfortunate experiences, the directors report a deficiency of £350,000. It is proposed to meet this deficiency by writing down the capital from £2,000,000 to £1,650,000. The sacrifice of capital involved is to be made by the vendors, and not by shareholders among the public. The shareholders, therefore, are being treated well; but, in spite of the recognized excellence of Burberry's goods, the balance-sheet position suggests that, unless a trade recovery of quite unlooked-for dimensions supervenes, shareholders will have to be patient for some time before the company really finds itself once more on firm financial ground and can resume dividend payments.

The British Cotton and Wool Dyers' Association have this week issued a statement of results of trading during the six months ended September 30th. During this period a loss of £21,002 was recorded, after writing down stocks to market values on September 30th.

L. J. R.



THE ATHENÆUM



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The World of Books.

THE seventh book of "Paradise Lost" contains an account of the creation of the world which is so clear and intelligible a cosmogony that it has formed the basis of all subsequent theologies which survive and may be grouped under the heading of Christendom. Its advantages as a reinterpretation of the Biblical narrative are not only those of date; it is altogether neater, more cogent and detailed, and its lucid adaptability to the ordinary conditions of life about us—conditions which nobody can deny—is happily illustrated by the following passage. We are in the period of the fifth day:—

"The swan, with archèd neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet. . . . Others on ground
Walked firm; the crested cock, whose clarion sounds
The silent hours."

There can be only one reading of this passage, and in it we are called upon to admire the foreseeing and labor-saving dispensations of Providence, who on the fifth day created the swan and chanticleer, already domesticated, before the advent of man on the sixth. Yet Milton received but five pounds for inventing the universe.

* * *

THE first part of a new periodical, produced in the same style as the paper-bound instalments of Mr. Wells's "Outline of History," and profusely illustrated, has just appeared on the bookstalls. It is called "The Outline of Science: A Plain Story Simply Told"; is to be completed in some twenty fortnightly parts, costing 1s. 2d. each, and is edited by Professor Arthur Thomson. In his introduction the editor tells us that "The Outline of Science" is intended for the general reader: the Tom who is not a specialist, the Dick whose eye is kindled by the world about him, and the Harry who would like to know what is the meaning of it all, himself included. Democracy can be translated into many different terms, good and bad, but that the constitution of the universe, the evolution of life, the cosmic rhythms which determine our being, should be expounded in concise and common language to average people at insignificant cost realizes a concept of democracy so profoundly revolutionary that our minds can no more plumb its ultimate effects than they can the

distances between the stars. The problems of educating the child occupy the wise men; the education of the adult has begun.

* * *

I CONFESS that the mere sight of this periodical and the mere reading of this prosaic sentence: "The solar system, the earth, the mountain ranges and the great deeps, the rocks and crystals, the plants and animals, man himself and his social institutions—all must be seen as the outcome of a long process of Becoming"—stimulates the common heritage of poetic feeling which I with my neighbor possess more than the strictest application to "Paradise Lost" could ever do. It is not the material but the technology of modern science which clots and stagnates our literary apprehensions; for, as the editor says, its discoveries in every field have electrified the cosmos from the static to the dynamic as graphically as they have stunted and readjusted man's conception of his place in it. We have tripled evolution since Darwin, who confined it to the progressive differentiation of plants and animals, for we apply it now to the development of ideas, feeling, and imagination on the one hand, and to the growth of inorganic conditions preparing the soil for the sensitive plant of life on the other. And that is not bad for twenty one-and-twopences on the instalment system. "It goes without saying," says the editor, "that no one can call himself educated who does not understand the central and simple ideas of Mendelism and other new departures in biology." In this number there are two articles, one—"The Romance of the Heavens"—coping in easy and precise idiom with the scale of the universe, the solar system, the planets, the stellar universe, the spectroscope, and so on; the other—"The Story of Evolution"—giving a masterly preliminary sketch of the whole subject down to the first body-making experiments of multicellular animals. "The Outline of Science" intends to cover the whole field—physics, psychology, biology, anthropology, astronomy, &c.—and, though knowledge is not indeed Utopia, it is certain that there can be none without it, neither in religion nor citizenship, nor any other form of human energy and scope.

* * *

How far the diffusion and growth of this new knowledge will affect literature is too vexed and complex a question to discuss here. Vision in itself is a kind of shorthand knowledge, grasped through the emotions, and to isolate artistic expression from this wider natural history is as much as to say that evolution is partial and not co-extensive with life and matter. The beauty of a foraminifer's calcareous shell is perfect and final; that of the carol "All under the leaves and the leaves of life" is perfect and final. They are the ultimate truth unto themselves. But neither shell nor carol is the final word in beauty and in life, and that will remain unspoken until the arts have absorbed the sciences.

H. J. M.

Short Studies.

FRUITS OF THE EARTH.

ON a bright, rook-haunted September morning, in the wide upland pastures where kestrels scream and the sheep cry across the dew, it is good to be astir very early. Then the rabbits and the young foxes are playing in the shadow at the wood's edge, magpies in the tall trees are calling to one another in their harsh voices, and the woodpecker's laughing note re-echoes. Every grass-blade and hedge, and the long, purple-jewelled blackberry vines are hung with white cobwebs sewn with diamonds, like elfin awnings. Even in October, when the last bee is gone and the fruits are sodden and frosted, the blackberry is lovely with leaves that burn from yellow to crimson. Not many scents are so rich, so racy of the soil, as the scent of blackberries and wimberries.

Of all wild fruits the wimberry, or cloud-berry, should rank first. Its color is the bloomy purple of distant hills. It tastes of Faery. It will grow only in beautiful and mysterious places. High on the airy hill, far from any sound of village or hamlet, voice or bell—except the voice of the shepherd and the sheep-bell's silver tinkle—is the chosen haunt of the wimberry. Countless acres are covered with the neat, shining bushes, tall beside the streams, lowly on the summits. In spring, the leaf green is splashed with a beautiful red, like the color of a ladybird; then come pink flowers, honeyed and waxen, and above their sweet acres the large, almost black bumble-bees of the hills coast to and fro with their deep murmur, like far-off seas in a dream. At the end of June, when young curlews run among the bushes, like yellow chickens pencilled with brown, the fruit begins to ripen, but it is not often ready for picking until after Saint Swithin's. From that date until late September a tide of life, gipsy and cottager and dweller in the plain, flows up into our hills. To the Stiperstones, to the Longmynd, to the wild, lonely stretches of Clun Forest, come the stooping, neutral-tinted figures—the lads with their little home-made trucks, the wise babies whose wimberry-picking is not yet, and whose task is simply to be good. Alone beside the family kettle amid the day's provisions he sits, the baby, smiling, gazing trustfully at the blue, arching sky, so deeply saturated with wimberry juice that one doubts if many Saturday tubs will clean him. He achieves the end and aim of his day: he is good. On every side of him stretch the purple plateaux, dotted with busy figures. Here and there, at a lost signpost or a mountain ash, is the trysting-place of the wimberry higgler. Twice a week he appears with his cart and his rough pony, and over the green, deeply rutted tracks, down valleys brimful of shadow and along precipitous roads, the wimberries go on their journey to the cities of England.

Cranberries grow on some of our hills, but sparsely, in crevices of the black rock and on bare summits. The polished leaves, the waxen-white blossoms, the large coral-tinted berries, glow on their sombre background like richly colored statues of saints and Madonnas set up in sorrowful places. Under grieved autumn skies, amid bitter juniper and withered heather and riven rock, they achieve the beauty which is at once delicate and hardy, and they bless the gaunt solitudes where only the anxious sheep lift amber eyes as the cranberry picker passes, and only the hovering kestrel and the peregrine falcon, dark upon the driving sky, look down.

In the plain, when winter strips the hedges and the honeysuckle has not yet sent out her bright pairs of leaves, the fruited blackthorn reigns. She is a creature of dark weather. From her first adventure into a cold March world, with her gift of sweet, golden-anthered blossom, to her wintry ripening, she has no kinship with the luxurious daughters of summer. Not for her the

slow-falling, scarlet fruit of August: but when the cherry and the apple have laid aside their beauty, she sets her black twigs with bloomy, purple fruit, austere and gorgeous. The berries give the impression of melting the frost by their rich warmth, and there is no fruit-gathering that brings more zest than the gathering of the sloe in the whistling hedges with a robin for company.

The fruit of the spindle-tree has a strangeness and an antiquity in its down-hanging, petalled cup of deep rose and orange. A tall, slender spindle set with shining pink lamps makes an exquisite, almost an exotic picture on a white-frost morning. No one plants the spindle now, but it must have been one of the October beauties of the countryside when in every home the busy hum of the spinning-wheels filled the fire-lit evening. It is to be found to-day in old woods and in hedges that have, with the lapse of time, ceased to be hedges and become groves of trees. Soon, perhaps, it will be gone, like the sweet faces, the little hands, that once watched and tended the whispering wheels.

Once a year the elder attains perfect beauty. She paints her leaves with pale rose, primrose and gold, crimson and violet, and sets forth her fruits like elfin grapes. Then every elder is full of little wings, and shrill with small, thankful bird-notes. If there come a rainy day, the elder hangs beneath every purple berry a silver berry. Then woods grow vague in the thickened atmosphere, the courses of the streams are marked in mist, and on the first morning of sharp frost the painted curtains of the elder fall upon the grass.

It was in clear October weather, in a green valley beneath a steep, dark mountain, that I found the long avenue of fruited rowans growing on either side of a half-obliterated road where once marched the Romans. The trunks were gnarled and riven, but the trees stood against the hill, beneath the egg-shell sky, in the vital colors of youth. And all about them, like angels in a picture, hovered creatures winged with bright black and pale silver, creatures too eerily fair to be only blackbirds and thrushes. They seemed like spirits bound to the trees by a charm; and indeed the whole valley was bewitched, far gone in spells.

And so we come to the yew—the yew, that sets beneath her brooding branches a fruit vivid and unearthly, startling the eye inured to darkness with sudden living red, as if she lit, for comfort in the night, above the cold sleepers in her keeping, a galaxy of burning hearts.

MARY WEBB.

Reviews.

LORD SALISBURY.

Life of Robert, Marquis of Salisbury. By Lady GWENDOLEN CECIL. Volumes I. and II.: 1830—1868 and 1868—1880. (Hodder & Stoughton. 42s. net.)

II.

IN an interesting review of Lord Salisbury's life in the "Times," the Lord Chancellor summed up the distinction between his statesmanship and Disraeli's with the remark that the one was a "static" Conservative and the other a "dynamic" one. Save for the single episode of the Reform Bill of 1867, it is difficult to associate Disraeli's career with any political force continuous and consistent enough to be called "dynamic." Even that was an improvisation; a quick, brilliant insight into the Parliamentary tangle in which everybody but John Bright had lost his way. When, as the result of this stroke, Disraeli came to his own, he had little or nothing to say on the social question. The domestic policy of the Government of 1874 was all but colorless; events mastered it, and if its two leading men must be compared, Salisbury's competent realism stands out in solid contrast with Disraeli's ignorance

of European affairs, and his flighty and self-conscious pose in policy.

It is here, I think, that Salisbury's true character and place among his contemporaries appear. He was a Realist, as opposed to Gladstone, the great Romantic. Totally devoid of enthusiasm, he threw a penetrating glance on the problems and personalities of his time and found both of them unpromising. The clouds were beginning to gather round Germany's head, and her great business manager was already past his best. Bismarck rushed the Berlin Congress at express speed, partly, no doubt, because he was afraid of it, partly because he was raging for his "cure" at Kissingen. Austria's "vocation" in Europe seemed to him to be gone; nor was Andrassy the man to revive it. France was then an almost negligible factor in Eastern policy, and Italy had not arrived, while diplomatic Russia was in the hands of three men equally contemptible in morals and character. All were liars; and Gortchakoff, the worst of the trinity, was a vain and incurably false old man. Salisbury could work with Ignatieff and Schouvaloff, the last a picturesque drunkard, but a modern, and a practical statesman. Turkey, the patient of these practitioners, he knew and found to be rotten to the core. His first and last thought about her was, says Lady Gwendolen, that she should be subject to a considered policy of partition among the Great Powers. Balkanization did not attract him. He pitied the lot of the Christian tribes of Asia and Europe under the heel of the Turk. But none of them had in the late 'seventies attained the dignity of States save Greece, and her obliteration under the Treaty of San Stefano seemed to him a fatal blot on that instrument. For the rest, their savagery to each other suggested a coming evil for civilization, rather than a remedy for its arrest under Turkish barbarism. He could idealize nothing in such a scene, as soon as he became closely acquainted with it through the Constantinople Conference and in the various stages of the Russo-Turkish War. Disillusionment with the actors was complete. Twice did Russian statesmen essay the swindler's trick of altering maps whose boundaries had been agreed on a few hours earlier.* Once established in his pessimistic view of the European situation, Salisbury abandoned his earlier effort to secure a solution of humanity. Henceforth he labored only for a peace of prestige. It is not surprising to learn that he shrank from his colleague's trumpeting of such an issue, and felt small pride in his own part in the accomplishment. "I never wish," he said, "for my foreign policy to be judged by my action in '78. I was only picking up the china that Derby had broken."

This was, in effect, his answer to the accusers of his pitiless desertion of the peace party in the Beaconsfield Cabinet, and of his subsequent close alliance with the man service with whom he felt in 1874 to be "a nightmare," and against whom, with Lord Derby and Lord Carnarvon by his side, he long fought to avert a "wrongful war." The sceptic makes a bad crusader. Salisbury's mind was leagues apart from what he called Gladstone's "abominable agitation." He thought that it encouraged Pan-Slavist Russia, and weakened both the arm of England and her diplomatic influence with the Turk. His method was different, and was purely intellectual. He tried pressure on the Turks to reform, and on Beaconsfield to join with Russia in morally coercing them. But he was foiled at Constantinople by Sir Henry Elliot's pro-Turkish obsession and also by the Sultan's belief that Turkey had little

to hope from England in a war with Russia, or to fear from her when the next Bulgarian or Armenian massacre came along. And his vague trust that "the Palmerston legend" was dead and that England would spend no more "blood on sustaining the Turkish Empire," broke down when the advance of the Russian army threatened Constantinople, and the Treaty of San Stefano put Turkey, as he thought, under "vassalage" to the Tsar. So the rickety idol was set on its feet again. Only the blood-toll of the rite was drawn not from Britain, but from Asiatic and European Turkey. There lies the brief story of his soul's defeat.

He paid himself with a dazzling material success. There can be no reasonable doubt that Salisbury was the chief architect of the Treaty of Berlin. When the great transaction was over, he and Beaconsfield complimented each other on their respective shares in it. Salisbury had "pulled the laboring oar"; Beaconsfield's "presence" had produced the needful dramatic effect. In a letter to his chief, the new Foreign Secretary (March 21st, 1878) rapidly sketched the cuts that he proposed in the Treaty of San Stefano. The two grand objects were to rescue Turkey from dependence on Russia, and to re-establish British power in the Near East. It was therefore necessary to drive back the proposed "Slav State" to the Balkans, substituting a Greek province, to free the Straits, and to provide two British naval stations, Cyprus and Lemnos (Lemnos was dropped), "for the sake of moral effect." Further "moral" drapery was provided in the Anglo-Turkish Convention; and the Salisbury-Schouvaloff memorandum, negotiated behind Gortchakoff's back, reduced the actual Congress to a *close jugée*. The "souls" had all been bartered away beforehand in the Dutch auction of Downing Street.

Here, in effect, Lady Gwendolen Cecil's record of her father's life comes to a pause, till she resumes it with the story of his leadership of British politics, subject to a compromise with Chamberlainite Radicalism. The closing passages have a certain moral interest. "Dizzy" merely wanted a grand *feu d'artifice* to wind up his career. But Salisbury had a conscience; and his mind was a clear mirror of events. He must have recognized that when he consented to give back Constantinople and the Asian Christians to the Sultan, he was passing a sentence of death on millions of human beings. He labored to avert it. "Arguments, exhortations, warnings" went out to Abdul Hamid by every mail. He threatened partition. He tried to sow Asia Minor with British Consuls and reconstructors. All was useless. The Turk changed not; but the storm in Europe took a new direction. Pan-Slavist Russia, foiled at Berlin, turned on Germany, and transferred her power to the new Western Alliance. The minor products of the Treaty were the Afghan war and the British dominance of Egypt. Salisbury played, as always, a prudent, moderating part; but either his master-stroke had tired him, or his originative powers, never great, failed before the demand now made upon them. If balance-of-power politics was to be resumed, the great task was to keep the peace between the Empires of Eastern and Central Europe. Bismarck twice commanded to Beaconsfield and Salisbury an Anglo-Austro-German Alliance. They received the tender with approval but without warmth, and in the absence of a firm reply, it seems to have dropped out of the thought and memory of all the statesmen whom it vitally concerned. Salisbury, a great judge of national temperament though not of men, had at that period an equally low opinion of French power and statesmanship; and he felt "pretty sure" that he could prevent France from joining Russia against Germany. He prevented neither that nor the anti-British Germany of ten years later.*

Lady Gwendolen draws an attractive picture of the recluse and glutton for work, jealous for his privacy—he would dodge his secretaries from one room to another in the Foreign Office—and yet requiring of his staff a miraculous insight into his will. Not an "ideal chief," his daughter confesses. Indeed he was secretive and self-dependent to the point of freakishness. But his letters to his ambassadors and agents revealed a master of the arts of exposition and suggestion. His common-sense intellectualism expressed

* This happened at Constantinople:—

"As senior ambassador, General Ignatieff had charge of the map upon which the decisions of the plenipotentiaries were officially recorded. On one occasion, at a meeting of the preliminary Conference, Lord Salisbury discovered that a frontier line which had been accepted at the previous sitting and traced upon this map had in the interval been substantially altered in the direction desired by Russia. It is an embarrassing thing to charge a man with sharp practice to his face. Lord Salisbury pointed out the alteration and, with a feeling of irritated discomfort, prepared himself to receive as civilly as he could whatever improbable explanation might be offered. But the effort was not required of him. The implied accusation was not only recognized—it was accepted with the most perfect unconcern. A beaming smile—a shrug of the shoulders—and, "Monsieur le Marquis est si fin—on ne peut rien lui cacher"—"Your Lordship is so quick, one can hide nothing from you"—that was all. The Englishman threw himself back in an uncontrollable burst of laughter in which both embarrassment and annoyance vanished."

At the Berlin Congress Gortchakoff played the same game over the cynical barter of Batoum, thus transferring some 40,000 "souls" from Turkey to Russia. In this instance the Russian took advantage of Beaconsfield's short sight.

* He said cynically of these events: "On the sound rule that you love those most whom you compete with least, Germany is clearly cut out to be our ally."

itself with rare clarity and grace; or ran, in easy relief of its argument, to ironic humor. Scorn of sentimental self-delusion was its favorite theme, with variations on the pedantry of officials, the blunders of soldiers, the vanity of the politician, or his habitual funk of facts. What was "moral influence"? "A combination of nonsense, obfuscation, and worry." He thought as little of experts as does Mr. Bernard Shaw. "No lesson seems to be so deeply inculcated by the experience of life as that you never should trust experts. If you believe the doctors, nothing is wholesome; if you believe the theologians, nothing is innocent. If you believe the soldiers, nothing is safe." Yet he himself was a hierophant, allowing no rights to the public in the practice of his dangerous cult. Concealing the cynical balance of his dual bargain with Turkey and Russia, he treated Sir Stafford Northcote to a mocking (and correct) forecast of the English and European row destined to follow its disclosure.

"To Sir Stafford Northcote, June 6th, 1878.

"My idea of the course of events may be expressed in the following calendar, of which, of course, the figures are imaginary:

"June 25th.—Congress reaches end of 18th Article.

"June 25th. Night: Mr. Layard is directed to get firman from Sultan and send it to Lord John Hay. [Admiral in command in the Mediterranean.]

"June 26th.—Congress discusses 19th Article. British P.P. make earnest, but unavailing, attempts to persuade Russia not to take Kars. Then, at the end of the day, they reserve to themselves to state at the next sitting the course which will be imposed on England in consequence. Same day fleet is ordered to rendezvous near Cyprus.

"June 27th.—British P.P. communicate the Convention; Waddington [French Foreign Minister, and Plenipotentiary at Berlin] tears his hair, and telegraphs wildly to Toulon.

"June 27th.—Same day, Lord John Hay anchors before Famagusta.

"June 28th.—Sir Stafford Northcote lays dispatch and Convention on the table of Parliament. Mr. Gladstone makes a speech, four hours long, on the selfishness of England and the purity of Russian motives. French Admiral arrives with three ships off Famagusta—but finds he is too late.

"June 29th.—'Daily News' conclusively proves that the idea of taking Cyprus could only have occurred to the Semitic instincts of the Prime Minister." [It was his own.]

It is remarkable that a policy so haughtily veiled from men's eyes, and so unsympathetic to their dreams of what international life ought to be, should yet retain not only the snob's admiration, but the respect of the average thoughtful man. It failed, and did great ultimate harm to England. But it was bold—Bismarck's sneering sketch of the lath painted to look like iron fades away before Lady Gwendolen's portrait of the virile Salisbury of 1878—and it was pessimistically sincere. Whatever men may say, they reserve their heart's contempt for the pedant and the hypocrite; their easy forgiveness for the man who refuses to deceive himself, and yet in the dim air of a difficult world acts according to the light that is in him. Lord Salisbury, indeed, went a step further than mental frankness about his work: his mystical fatalism allowed him to treat its issues as beyond and above him. When some guests at Hatfield condoled with him on the fearful burden of responsibility under which they conceived him to be laboring, he said, after their departure, to his family, "They would have been terribly shocked if I had told them the truth—which was that I didn't understand what they were talking about."

"I should understand [he added] if they spoke of the burden of decision—I feel it now, trying to make up my mind whether or no to take a greatcoat with me. I feel it exactly the same way, but no more, when I am writing a dispatch upon which peace or war may depend. Its degree depends upon the materials for decision that are available, and not in the least upon the magnitude of the results which may follow." Then, after a moment's pause, and in a lower tone, he added, "With the results I have nothing to do."

"Results" may be only half-calculable things. But in his Eastern diplomacy Lord Salisbury did not sow their seeds in ignorance. The immediate fashion of his work was soon destined to wither and pass away. But not before the upas-tree he dug round and watered afresh had borne a last deadly fruitage.

H. W. M.

CROCE AND CRITICISM.

The Essentials of Aesthetic. By BENEDETTO CROCE. (Heinemann. 5s. net.)

By far the greatest aesthetic philosopher of our time (and perhaps the title should be given to him without even the "aesthetic" qualification) is Benedetto Croce. His work is by now fairly familiar to most critics. It is expounded in our universities, and, to some extent, professed in our newspapers. And yet it would be very hard to detect any trace of his influence in modern criticism. Sometimes a catchword (such as "art is expression," or "art is intuition") turns up in the middle of an article that shows no other sign of contact with Croce's thought.

Our criticism, such as it is, goes on its way in complete independence; and that is, on the face of it, rather singular, for during the last ten years problems of aesthetic have greatly agitated the minds of those who profess an interest in art. It seems strange that the very considerable excitement created by the arrival of Croce's "Estetica" about the year 1910 should have been so quickly dissipated, and the ruffling of the waters been succeeded by so intense a calm. The obvious explanations of the phenomenon are two: either the fuss made over Croce was a pretence, a simulation of interest by those who had a momentary idea that he was the latest thing, and had not the perseverance or the ability to assimilate his thought; or there was something lacking in the thought itself, some crucial hiatus, which rendered it inactive, assimilable perhaps, but hardly stimulating. Certainly there is an obvious contrast between the influence of Walter Pater's rather hazy dictum that "all arts tend to approach the condition of music" in the ten years after he enunciated it, and the influence of Croce's aesthetic in England in the ten years that have followed its arrival here. The contrast calls for some explanation.

This little book, which contains an admirable summary of his own aesthetic philosophy by a master of exposition, and is therefore to be heartily recommended to those who have yet to make acquaintance with it, suggests once again that the principal cause why English criticism has been so little disturbed or changed by Croce's philosophy is a deficiency in the philosophy itself. Those in this country who take criticism seriously have long since practised, on their own initiative, the precepts which immediately follow from Croce's theory. They do, in fact, regard a work of art as a creation *sui generis*; they do not measure it by the standards of morality or logical truth. If they pronounce a moral judgment upon it, they do so knowing fairly well that they are judging not the work of art in itself, but the sensibility—"the sentimental and passionate material," as Croce calls it—of which it is "the objectification," to use another of his clumsy but necessary phrases; if they point out that a certain artist's sensibility is restricted, stunted, unbalanced, exaggerated in a particular direction, they are wholly within their rights in doing so, as Croce himself recognizes, for the significance of a work of art is a quality wholly independent of its artistic perfection. So that, in so far as a practical effect upon serious criticism is concerned, Croce has been preaching to the already converted. Those critics who are not serious (and "serious" means something quite different from "solemn") are not in the least likely to study Croce, while those who are have no need of him.

Indeed, it would perhaps be the fairest statement of Croce's achievement in aesthetic theory—and at the same time the best tribute to it—if we were to describe it as a philosophical exposition of the practice of the best critics of modern times, among whom Croce himself is certainly to be included. But it is no more than this. It does not point the way to an advance in the methods of criticism, though it may have done something to clarify their conception of their own activity in the minds of those who were, with no manifest harm to their own practice, a little hazy about it. An advance in critical method, however, can only come with an increase in what we may call, for want of a better word, "specialization." For present-day criticism, in so far as it is serious, accepts as common ground the uniqueness of the work of art; it accepts the existence of three factors in the work of artistic creation, however widely various may be the names it gives to them. There is the sensibility, the

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experience, the point of view ; there is the activity of expression, objectification, projection ; there is the created thing. It is in the middle term of this threefold process that the opportunity of confusion lies. What is this process ? How are we to distinguish between its false and true manifestations ? No doubt that is only another version of the question : How are we to distinguish between good art and bad ? Nevertheless, though the questions are perhaps the same, we feel that the *terrain* on which the solution is to be sought is the middle and not the last term of the process. If we could only distinguish between a true and a false activity of expression, we feel we should have made a real advance in critical method.

Let us try to get a little closer to the problem. Suppose we have a new book before us that we feel to be not wholly futile ; it is good and bad together. Perhaps we cannot even go so far as that ; an obscurity, which may come from a sensibility strange to us or may be the result of an effort to conceal a lack of sensibility, is interposed between our minds and the writer's intention. Ordinarily we shall have found a grain or two of a quality we do recognize, sufficient to make us curious. It is perfectly easy to make short work of the book ; we can take out a weak passage (of course, with the inevitable proviso that we are quoting a passage that shows Mr. X. at his clearest) and knock it to pieces. That may be good fun, once in a way, but it is boring ; and it is not criticism. Criticism endeavors to establish a contact with the sensibility that is being expressed, to isolate it, to recognize its components. It then proceeds, from the basis of this knowledge, to choose a passage in which this sensibility is most completely expressed. The expression may be halting and imperfect, and the critic may have to supply the gaps ; he has to imagine, if he can, the terms of a more perfect expression, and to eliminate the parts where expressive process has altogether failed.

Criticism of this kind, which may be called literary criticism *par excellence*, obviously presupposes some understanding of the activity of expression, as well as the faculty to apprehend an individual sensibility ; and it is towards criticism of this kind that we are very gingerly reaching out to-day. Even if it is achieved, it will not supersede the more familiar kinds of criticism, the historical, psychological, and ethical ; but it will give them a focus that they have hitherto lacked. They will be made to culminate in a criticism that is specifically literary, and perhaps a good deal more actively helpful to the artist than the old independent, but perfectly justified, methods of criticism have been.

Precisely on this point, upon which modern literary criticism tends to concentrate, Croce throws no light at all. The activity of "objectification" is one that does not interest him. He is content to say that "*intuition is expression*" ; in other words, that the artist's perception of reality, if it is an artistic perception, is immediately clothed in the words that express it, although the words may not be actually written down. For Croce the act of artistic creation is one, indivisible, and immediate, just as the act by which an ordinary person might say "red" when he sees a pillar-box. Possibly this is a sufficient account for the purposes of Croce's philosophy ; but it is wholly inadequate for the purposes of criticism. It is extremely doubtful whether it covers even the simplest cases of immediate lyricism, and it is certainly untrue for the more complex processes of art. We could adduce the experiences described by great writers in the past. It is, for instance, impossible to reconcile Croce's lightning-flash psychology with Wordsworth's "*emotion recollected in tranquillity*." And we could bring forward the evidence of a contemporary who combines an uncommonly subtle faculty of psychological analysis with the gift of true creative expression, namely, M. Marcel Proust. M. Proust more than once gives an account of this very process of direct intuition. One which may well become a *locus classicus* of esthetic occurs in "*Du Côté de chez Swann*," where the boy delivers himself from his fascination at the sight of some cathedral towers by writing a piece of prose—very remarkable prose for a boy—about them. The intuition was there before the expression ; it was, indeed, the awareness of the intuition which made the expression so urgently necessary. Certainly, the intuition would have remained incomplete, and, as it were, rudimentary, without

the expression ; but to identify them is impossible. Expression in art is not intuition, but the realization of an intuition.

An aesthetic which, like Croce's, ignores or obscures this psychological distinction, is inevitably out of touch with the tendencies of modern criticism. To the extent to which it confounds moments in a process which are distinguishable, if not definable, it impedes progress instead of assisting it ; and though this implies no diminution of the Italian philosopher's great effort of synthesis, it does largely explain why his direct influence upon criticism is almost imperceptible.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

THE WOMEN POETS.

A Book of Women's Verse. Edited with a Prefatory Essay by J. C. SQUIRE. (Oxford : Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d. net.)

GIVEN, the British Museum Catalogue ; required, the number of serious anthologies of women's verse in English. As the labors of the honey bees, so are those of the selector of poetic sweets ; and our answer to the above problem, without active reference to the several pages of the Catalogue, would have been a score or more. Mr. Squire, who has sought diligently in the "spare time" of seven years, is able to muster no more than four collections of the sort worth recording. Indeed, he records three of these with the zeal of enmity. Those are, "Poems by Eminent Ladies," 1755 ; "The Female Poets of Great Britain," by Frederic Rowton, 1848 ; and Mrs. William Sharp's "Women's Voices," 1887. It is against Mr. Rowton and his bloated volume that Mr. Squire expresses a peculiar yet reasonable wrath. Consider the nasal tone of Mr. Rowton's Preface : "In these enlightened days it may certainly be taken for granted that women have souls . . . we should be deeply ashamed of ourselves for so long withholding from them that prominent place in the world's esteem which is so undoubtedly their due." This place he proceeded to offer, with "pages of gush," to the blue-stockings of his day, who certainly made no secret of the fact that they possessed souls. Apart from these ladies (and as an instance of his hypocrisy, Mr. Squire notes his comparison of Mrs. Margaret Hodson to a writer named Sir Walter Scott), our Mr. Rowton blandly borrowed his contents from the work of Dyce, 1827, notes and all. We are glad our instinct did not fail us a few days ago, when, after a glance at Rowton, we replaced him speedily in the threepenny tub.

To Alexander Dyce alone does Mr. Squire doff his hat and acknowledge a debt, and handsomely he does it. At the same time, he tells us that he has taken very few poems from his anthology ; and passes on over the mangled remains of Mr. Rowton to a real instance of "the good gossiping preface." Together with the genial choice of poems, this preface gives us the chance to survey in easy style the progress of our British poetesses. Poor Juliana Berners, it seems, is deprived of her place at the head of them ; Anne Boleyn has no secure hold on the passing-bell verses which have endeared her "verye guiltless geste" ; Elizabeth talks of executing aliens, and indeed almost at once we come to the matchless Orinda. She is a little too well known, in truth ; Mr. Squire agrees with us, and suspects her to have been "a bouncing, gushing creature." Her verses have ease and a sort of Court elegance. Not so those of the Duchess of Newcastle, with her own warm-blooded "Allegro" and "Penseroso" ; and there is the mysterious Ann Collins, who deserves all the lustre that has been lavished beyond desert upon Orinda. Mr. Squire gives two fugitive examples, both clear and melodious, from Ann Collins ; and wishes he could discover her poems. Even the British Museum fails us here. Another dark lady is "Ephelia," a direct, passionate, and eloquent poetess ; her poems are accessible, and one of those chosen by Mr. Squire has claims to be the best love poem before "Robin Gray," on the human side :—

"And yet I love this false, this worthless man,
With all the passion that a woman can."

Aphra Behn has, of course, achieved the dignity of "Collected Works." She could scarcely build the lofty

MILLIONS OF CHILDREN IN IMMEDIATE PERIL OF DEATH.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT'S CABLE.

Dread Winter Intensifies Infant Suffering.

IMPERATIVE NEED OF IMMEDIATE HELP!

THE tragic and pitiful condition of the starving children is summed up in the extract from a cable recently received from Russia given hereunder. Far from easing up, the situation daily grows more tense and awful, for the dread work started by drought, famine, and disease is being intensified and prolonged by the grip of the terrible Russian Winter.

As these words are being penned, snow falls incessantly and King Frost with his barriers of ice closes the ports and the Volga. So the children of the famine districts look out upon the white pall — symbolising certain and shocking death to many thousands of them. Snow makes the roads impossible — the ice closes the rivers to navigation. Delay must occur, for on snow blocked roads transport is difficult and precarious. And, unfortunately, delay is fatal. Thousands—tens of thousands—of helpless, suffering little ones have not been fed to-day, and possibly will eat nothing to-morrow. They pine and wither. They sink in the slough of despond, and hope that transport difficulties will be overcome in good time, so that perhaps (if there is food sufficient) they may be fed THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW! Delay for one day—and in their thousands they will pass into oblivion! Every day food ships are held up for want of cargo means possibly MANY DAYS' delay in Russia. For the snow thickens and drifts accumulate—and saddest of all, death revels amongst the emaciated bodies of tiny infants.

**SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT'S
CABLE.**

Cable from Saratov, Russia.

"These children are an appalling example of how famine can crush out almost human semblance from children. Clothed in vile rags, full of vermin, and totally inadequate in this bitter weather, their bodies shrunken and distorted almost beyond recognition, their hands like the claws of some grotesque bird, their arms and legs like the limbs of skeleton; and their faces wrinkled and wizened. Such are the tiny, stricken children in the famine areas of Russia. Only the big, dark, wondering eyes give any indication of the childish beauty which has gone for ever."

MILLIONS OF BABIES FACING DEATH.

Disaster immeasurable is sweeping through Russia, and millions of little children are face to face with death. They see no ray of hope—no possibility of help! They realise that dread and painful death must be their lot, and they are resigned to it. Can you imagine more appalling conditions or more awful sufferings than those of the stricken children of Russia?

After all is said and done after unprecedented efforts on behalf of the helpless children—there are still millions of them heading hopelessly towards INEVITABLE DEATH. The very recitation of facts must make every true-hearted Briton shudder with horror.

The donations which are being delayed—are by the very delay, condemning them to certain death. They writhe in their death agonies! As the end approaches and the last vestige of hope fades into the immeasurable distance an agony-wrung cry for pity ascends from their hearts—and those who have heard the hunger cries of dying children will remember them throughout their lives.



HORROR FOLLOWS UPON HORROR IN THE FAMINE STRICKEN AREAS OF RUSSIA TO-DAY. Hundreds of thousands of tiny children have fallen the pitiful victims of cruel Hunger and Disease. Now the intense cold of Winter comes to make this scene of desolation and agony even more ghastly, with its snows and raging blizzards. Unless help is forthcoming immediately the whole civilised World must witness a tragedy of infant suffering such as it has never seen or imagined.

WHAT WILL YOU DO TO HELP?
Whatever it is—in mercy's name do it NOW!

GRUESOME EFFECT OF FAMINE.

In the children's hospitals there is terrible and gruesome evidence of the ravages of famine. One tiny girl, four year old, HAD ONLY HALF HER FACE LEFT, the other half having fallen away. The terrible disease, the doctor said, is due entirely to starvation. And many cases have developed in Khabarovsk. There are also innumerable cases of rickets and the dread oedema—both due to starvation.

THE BREAD OF STRICKEN RUSSIA.

In the hospitals the Sisters use dried potato peelings to make bread for their own use, and among other substitutes for flour are dried bark, weeds, leaves, and acorns. An examination of a sample of the bread in common use shows that it contains ONE-TENTH OF RYE FLOUR, while the remaining NINE-TENTHS CONSIST OF SAWDUST, LEAVES AND OTHER RUBBISH. What a God-send it must be that this is one of the districts to which the Save the Children Fund Portable Kitchens are penetrating, and it is no exaggeration to say that this is the only chance the children will have of being kept alive.

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**WHAT WILL YOU DO TO
SAVE A CHILD?**

Remember—while you are reading these words little children lie stretched upon the snow-covered roadways or in the hospitals, breathing their last breath. They are beyond human aid. Thousands of others are following them as surely as night follows day. It is up to you, as it is to every Briton, to put out your hand and save at least one. Do not let them ALL perish miserably!! Give every penny you can afford, and bear in mind that every shilling you give feeds a child for a week. Mercy is the greatest attribute of mankind. Show your mercy by giving at once to the "Save the Children Fund," so that every possible child may be saved from disaster.

SAVE THE CHILDREN FUND

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rhyme, but not even Dryden surpassed that opening, "Love in fantastic triumph," in liveliness. Her Quaker contemporary, Mary Molineux, is author of some remarkable lines on a skull. Anne Wharton, Anne Killigrew, and Anne, Countess of Winchilsea, are the best of the women poets whom the same period could boast. And of these, of course, the greatest is the Countess of Winchilsea.

This lady no longer needs Wordsworth's footnote for our recognition. Her night-piece, serene and luminous as a picture by Crome, was enough to establish her in all affections and esteem. The first poem of hers in the present anthology is an anticipation of Owen and Sassoon, brief enough and piercing enough to be quoted in full, namely, "The Soldier's Death":—

" Trail all your pikes, dispirit every drum,
March in a slow procession from afar,
Ye silent, ye dejected men of war!
Be still the hautboys, and the flute be dumb!
Display no more, in vain, the lofty banner;
For see! where on the bier before ye lies
The pale, the fall'n, the untimely sacrifice
To your mistaken shrine, to your false idol—Honor."

A rare note among our elder poets!

And now the eighteenth century ensues. Its women poets occupy more room, in proportion, in Mr. Squire's essay than they do in his selection. Nominally, they were very numerous; but they have little distinction of a genuine kind. For daring wit and contact with realities, Lady Mary Montagu will be excepted; for the kindlier and nature-loving qualities, Mary Leapor must not be forgotten. She was the daughter of a Northamptonshire gardener, who, fearing the demoralizing effects of her turn for poetry, did his best to discourage her; but he need not have done, for she died at twenty-four, leaving behind her evidences of genius. A vein of humor is not the least of these; and in an age of nature-blind poets, she was happy among her "yellow crowfoots" and "darling cows." Meanwhile, there were written by women in Scotland such songs as "The Flowers of the Forest"; and Fanny Greville, whoever she was—Mr. Squire makes no suggestion, but Leigh Hunt refers us to the "Memoirs of Madame d'Arblay"—had addressed her inspired "Prayer for Indifference":—

" Nor ease, nor peace, that heart can know
That, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe;
But turning, trembles too."

Towards the end of the century, a great many poetesses were being admired, from Hannah More to Ann Yearsley, who delivered Hannah More's milk. Many of them still have a pale remembrance. Mrs. Barbauld and Joanna Baillie certainly have no difficulty in holding their own in Mr. Squire's book. Even Charlotte Smith is readable, though not always. Her botany ran away with her, and her poppies are generally "Papavers" with a footnote. We remember, however, some good advice of hers to a hedgehog:—

" Poor creature! to the woods resort,
Lest, lingering here, inhuman sport
Should render vain thy thorny case;
And whelming water, deep and cold,
Make thee thy spiny ball unfold,
And show thy simple negro face!"

To be sure, many a weak poem hides a good heart. But the eighteenth century departed with the poetic triumph of "Auld Robin Gray," that perfectly expressed tragedy written to replace the improper words of an old song. And Lady Anne Barnard was "desirous of being only a woman of quality"!

We shall not emphasize the familiar and famous women's poetry of the last century. The confused host of clever and talented writers who so largely composed the Amulets, Forget-me-nots, and Books of Beauty—they are commemorated in Leigh Hunt's "Feast of the Violets," for the most part—have not been permitted by time to obscure the Brontës, or Mrs. Browning, or Christina Rossetti. After these, as Mr. Squire points out, "we hear no more, and could hear no more, of a Female Muse." Our brief chronicle ends accordingly. It only remains to admire the book that Mr. Squire has compiled: there are names that we miss, but his preface does not lack indications that he has considered all claimants. The odd thing is that Dorothy

Wordsworth, for all her innate poetry, is not a claimant. If anyone is not quite represented, it is Sara Coleridge, whose fairy tale, "Phantasmion," is jewelled with snatches of bright verse. But the anthology is a model of good sense, good humor, and good verse.

THE PASSING OF THE GREEKS.

Histoire de l'Art: L'Art Antique. Par ELIE FAURE
(Paris: Crès.)

TIME was, and not so very long ago, when "the antique" meant nothing but Greek and Greco-Roman art, and when to question its superlative excellence was an unheard-of heresy. Artists and critics with the haziest knowledge of Greek and Roman art, acquainted frequently with nothing but disconnected examples of fifth and fourth-century Attic sculpture and Roman copies of late Greek work, talked reverently of the "ideal" aesthetic standards of the Greeks, and assumed, as a matter of course, that the business of modern art, and more particularly of modern sculpture, was to imitate the general characteristics of the surviving works of Myron, Phidias, and Praxiteles.

But to-day there are signs that artists are beginning to shake themselves free from the fetish of late Greek art. Increased knowledge of Egyptian, Assyrian, and Gothic sculpture—due largely to the spread of photographic reproductions and the modern facilities for travel—has caused serious students to undertake a readjustment of values. They recognize now that the so-called golden period of Greek art was no more than an episode in the growth of that particular aspect of human endeavor which we call art. They realize that it was largely due to the propinquity and accessibility of the remains of late Greek art that it influenced the Italian Renaissance, and, through the Renaissance, the art of the whole Western world.

But the emancipation of the modern artist from the thralls of Praxiteles' Venus, or that other queen of love who thrones it, armless, in the Louvre, cannot be completed until the sensuous nature of late Greek art is seen and frankly admitted. The goddesses of Greece made facile conquests in the studios of Florence and Milan because, in the fifteenth century, the Italian artists were ready for something less arduous and more obviously human than Christian asceticism.

The truth is that after the middle of the fifth century Greek art had nothing in it of the abstract character of monumental Egyptian art, nothing of the universal vision of the Assyrian chroniclers, nothing of the domestic tenderness of Gothic sculpture. The Greek artist chose his models much as a modern revue manager chooses his chorus—for their looks alone. He was engaged in a search for the neatest ankles, the prettiest shoulders, the most graceful stance and carriage. A fragment of a fine late Greek statue, a torso, nude or partly draped, is the most marvellously sensitive and romantic record of specific physical perfection imaginable; but the complete statues, when they exist, are seen to be, relatively speaking, failures; that is, they fail to respond to the final test of sculpture—the power to arouse and retain emotion in the open air.

The French iconoclasts of a hundred years ago, reacting against Boucher, Fragonard, and kindred manifestations of the old régime, turned to the sturdy standards of republican Rome for inspiration. But they were unable to escape from the obsession of the Greek compromise. They could not visualize ancient Rome except in terms of late Greek art. Louis David's Romans came from Greek vases; the central figure of his "Rape of the Sabines" is a charming third-century Greek statue; the mother and children group in his "Brutus" is a direct echo of weeping Niobe.

The iconoclasts of to-day are more rigorous and better informed. They are determined to return to the root of things, to discover the principles and the temper that created the noble works which move us without recourse to specific physical beauty and specific sensual grace. They will be helped, we believe, by M. Elie Faure's book, which contains excellent comparative chronological tables

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It rarely occurs to the professional reviewer of novels to pause for a moment in his fantastic occupation and to wonder what he is doing. There is a certain momentum about all familiar tasks. One has learnt to swim; one finds oneself in the water, and one swims. And yet swimming is a curious motion—graceful, of course, but frog-like and rather queer.

We had made up our mind about Miss Jones's new book. With a musing, thoughtful, not unpleasing expression, we had composed the whole review from the first line to the last—mentally, as Beethoven is supposed to have composed his symphonies. It belongs, we decided, to the modern school, to the modern feminine school. It shows artful—no, subtle—observation of that deadly quiet order which is so effective nowadays, the kind that our brilliant young women writers do so much better than the men. A roomful of well-off people who would take in almost anybody; they seem, on the surface, to be moderately happy, to have none but trivial cares. But when they are really *watched*, when the undertones of the "Hello, Alg!" are listened to, then this fair outward seeming is seen to conceal all sorts of troubles. They have different natures; they have different discontents, and, above all, there is a growing cloud. It emanates, in a rather vague way, from the Stock Exchange. Distant sappers and miners are at work, and finally—puff!—and the beautiful and expensive room is metamorphosed into an inexpensive and rather dingy room. And we are left to imagine these people going on talking, thinking—there is one woman who thinks incessantly—against a different background. It is like watching a slightly bad, good-in-parts tomato being squeezed: first the smooth, shiny skin, then the gradually widening cracks, and then —. It is a good example of the modern novelist's art. Speaking as a professional reviewer, we congratulate Miss Jones. It is unfortunate, perhaps, that just before writing down that very nice review we paused for a moment to wonder what modern novels are for.

Mr. Baines's book is in a different category. It is not a serious work of art at all. It is a political skit, or prophecy, in the form of a melodramatic tale. But the skit is not sufficiently incisive to be interesting, and the melodrama is much too slow. If the whole thing were made more brisk it would be sufficiently amusing, for Mr. Baines is intelligent and he has a good, straightforward way of writing. But the present novel is a first attempt, and we have no doubt that Mr. Baines can do better. He must learn to practise economy.

From the Publishers' Table.

MESSRS. GYLDENDAL have disturbed our peace by announcing the largest literary prize for a new work that has yet come to our notice; not that it affects the writer of literary notes in any direct manner, but still, the thought of £3,500 to be presented to one of his superiors is disturbing. This prize is to be given for the best novel written in Danish or Norwegian during the coming year; and the publishers

define rather more closely what they are seeking—a book both of the finest literary quality and of general appeal.

* * *

SOME little time ago we read with much personal enjoyment and enlightenment "A History of Everyday Things" by Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell; and we now welcome accordingly Messrs. Batsford's announcement that these interesting writers are engaged on six books developing their work of lively reconstruction, under the general title of "The Everyday Life Series," ranging from the Stone Age to modern times (which we hope will not come to be known as the Tombstone Age).

* * *

THE capital "Irish Book Lover" comes opportunely to remind us of an article on Tom Moore in the "Dial," which in turn reminded us of our scrapbook. There we find these lines, written about seventy years ago by "A Lover of Ireland and Poetry":—

A protest against
A Public Monument
to
Thomas Moore.
Whose polished verses
(Happily foreign to the People of Ireland)
Inculcate dissipation and convey impurity;
Whose genteel patriotism
Never made the owner uncomfortable;
and
Whose highest aims
Looked to the dining- and drawing-rooms of the wealthy,
And were duly rewarded.

Is not this near the mark?

* * *

THE Birmingham Repertory Theatre is to record its work, to notice dramatic art and literature in general, and, in addition, to touch on musical topics, in a shilling monthly magazine called "The Gong." The first number arrives in December.

* * *

OUT-OF-THE-WAY magazines seldom fail to be interesting. Mr. Bart Kennedy, at 52, Market Street, Brighton, publishes "Bart's Broadsheet." No. 4 contains an uproarious paean to the man who won the war, "He!" "The pal of the stars. He! The Grand Slam of the Universe. How lucky we are to have him." We certainly feel increased vitality after reading this tribute. But, Mr. Kennedy, do you really believe that sporting guns (perfidious Germany!) "can be transformed into small arms"?

* * *

WHAT an admirable production is Mr. Milford's quarterly, "The Library"! Not only is this periodical beautiful in form; its contents are almost always as readable as authoritative. In the last number Mr. D. C. McMurtrie comments on the romance and mystery of quotation-marks, which, like divisional signs, are not fortuitous. He is engaged on a historical view of their evolution, and is especially anxious to trace "the earliest book printed in England which used these marks." He invites those who can do so to communicate information to him at Greenwich, Connecticut, U.S.A.

* * *

RECEIVED, book catalogues from Messrs. Brown of Edinburgh (*mem.*, a collection of Ritson's antiquarian writings in fine state, forty volumes); Mr. Halliday of Leicester (nobleman's—library editions and bindings); Messrs. Grafton & Co., Coptic Street (English books before 1640, and nine examples of John Baskerville); and the Lotus Library, who offer many of Conrad's first editions. To treat of Messrs. Chaundy's fifty-third list (from their Maddox Street shelves) would demand a brief article.

* * *

WE must content ourselves with references to the collection of sixteen quarto plays by Thomas Shadwell (it would be a graceful act if a member of the Dryden family paid the £73 10s. asked for these); the French grammar which Swinburne used and no doubt revelled in, and which contains inserted a photograph of himself as a young man; and over two hundred first editions of the moderns, including Conrad and Kipling, Bridges and Yeats.

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wants to. Her imagination is always gracious, and we love, if we cannot believe in, this sage old Mother Carey, her ear ever bent to the cries, the laughter, and the sobbing of her children. We like to watch her "making them make themselves" by the deft and opportune promptings of her affection, and we are content enough to listen while she preaches Imperialism, a little in the austere vein of Kipling's "Recessional." Why should not Shakespeare bid this grave and charming old lady leave him alone in her throne-room to start on "As You Like It"? She, we know, will not be offended, but the real Elizabeth —?

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D. L. M.

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one whit less eminent. With the realization of this fact the whole theory of man's evolution assumed a different and more pleasing aspect. Even the most recalcitrant of bishops saw that there was something glorious and inspiring in a process which, starting with an ape, had culminated in themselves. Huxley used some of his best rhetoric in support of this point of view, and the *Ascent of Man* became the accepted title for the theory.

But the evidence halted. On the theory that man had gradually developed from the ape it seemed reasonable to expect that fossils, intermediate between man and the ape, would be discovered. It is true that some ancient skulls had been discovered, but it was not clear that they differed in any important respect from the modern type of human skull. The "missing link" became a popular joke. There was one possible exception in this array of negative evidence—the Neanderthal fossil. Early in 1857 a physician, Dr. Fuhlrott, had discovered various parts of a skeleton, possibly human, in the Neanderthal cave in the Düssel valley. These remains had been thoroughly discussed, but Huxley himself had reached the conclusion that Neanderthal man, ape-like as many of the characters of his skull were, was merely an extreme variant of the modern type of man, and did not constitute a separate species. During the ensuing sixty years, however, Huxley's judgment has been reversed; it is now firmly established that Neanderthal man represents a separate species. But the problem of man's origin has not been simplified thereby; it has been made more complicated. Although Neanderthal man is, in many respects, intermediate between modern man and the ape, he is not a missing link.

The hypothesis that Neanderthal man was the ancestor of modern man required, of course, that Neanderthal man should belong to an earlier age. But a critical review of the evidence made it quite clear that the modern type of man existed long before Neanderthal man became extinct. There were at least two contemporaneous species of man, and, instead of assuming that one was the ancestor of the other, it became more reasonable to suppose that they were divergences from a common stock. This fact profoundly modified our view of the history of human origins. Modern man is now regarded as the one successful result of a number of experiments in man-production. Neanderthal man is a creature who branched off from the main stock, the stock which produced the modern varieties, the African, Australian, Mongolian, and European. These four varieties are, essentially, members of one species. The hypothesis that more than one species of man had been evolved necessitated a revision of the general estimate of man's antiquity. The common origin of modern man and of Neanderthal man was obviously to be looked for in a very remote past. The highly interesting discovery, in 1912, of the Eoanthropus skull seemed, at first, to provide a definite link between man and the ape. The skull has many strongly marked ape-like characteristics, and, as reconstructed by some authorities, betrayed a low level of mental development. But there was, apparently, room for a different interpretation, and it is not now at all clear that Eoanthropus had a brain inferior to that of modern man. Here, once more, it is probably safest to assume the existence of a collateral species and to suppose that the creature which became modern man was as different from Eoanthropus as from Neanderthal man. The inquiry is pushed back, once more, to a search for a common ancestry. The discovery of *Pithecanthropus erectus* in Java was thought by the discoverer to have supplied the so-elusive missing link. Here a number of markedly human characteristics were allied with a markedly sub-human brain. It appears, however, that the brain is rather too sub-human because, considering its primitive development, it is not ancient enough to figure as the ancestor of man. Pithecanthropus is, it appears, structurally satisfactory; he is what an ancestor of man ought to be. The trouble is that the lapse of time between Pithecanthropus and the earliest

specimens of modern man is not long enough to allow for the development of the one brain into the other. It is possible, in fact, that the Java fossil does not belong to the human stem at all, but represents another, and ultimately unsuccessful, effort of the ape to reach the human standard.

The connection between modern man and the ape, or ape-like ancestor, thus remains elusive. Even the recent discovery of the "Broken Hill" skull, judging by the early reports, does little to make it less elusive. It appears, on the other hand, to throw some light on another of the great experiments—the Neanderthal man. Sir Arthur Keith calls it a "first cousin" of the Neanderthal man. If this judgment is correct, the Broken Hill skull is not that of one of man's ancestors, but of one of the beaten competitors of those ancestors.

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Forthcoming Meetings.

November.

- Mon. 28. Institute of Actuaries, 5.—"The Relation between Wholesale Prices of Commodities and the Market Value of Various Securities," Mr. S. J. Perry.
 University College, 5.—"The Bridges of London," Lecture III., Miss E. Jeffries Davis.
 University College, 5.—"Geometry for Engineers," Mr. A. T. Walmisley.
 Imperial College of Science, 5.30.—"The Wonders of Geology," Lecture X., Dr. J. D. Falconer.
 King's College, 5.30.—"The History of Austria-Hungary, 1526-1827," Lecture VI., Dr. R. W. Seton-Watson.
 King's College, 5.30.—"The Greco-Turkish Question," Lecture VIII., Prof. A. J. Toynbee.
 Essex Hall, 8.—"The Internal Condition of China," Mr. Bertrand Russell.
 Faraday Society (Chemical Society's Rooms), 8.—"The Effect of Cold Work on Commercial Cadmium," Mr. J. N. Greenwood; and other Papers.
 Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"Processes of Engraving and Etching," Lecture I., Prof. A. M. Hind.
- Tues. 29. King's College, 5.30.—"The Modern Scientific Revolution: The Theory of Creative Evolution," Dr. H. Wildon Carr.
 King's College, 5.30.—"Russian History to Peter the Great," Lecture VIII., Sir Bernard Pares.
 King's College, 5.30.—"Psychology and Psychotherapy," Lecture VII., Dr. W. Brown.
 Institution of Civil Engineers, 6.—Further Discussion on "The Indian Railway Gauge Problem."
 Royal Anthropological Institute (Royal Society's Rooms), 8.30.—"The Archer's Bow in the Homeric Poems," Mr. H. Balfour. (Huxley Lecture.)
- Wed. 30. University College, 3.—"Nature in the 'Divina Commedia,'" Lecture III., Prof. E. G. Gardner.
 Royal Society, 4.—Annual Meeting.
 Royal Society of Arts, 4.30.—"The Preservation of Stone," Mr. Noel Heaton.
 University College, 5.—"The Evolution of Man," Lecture II., Prof. G. Elliot Smith.
 Imperial College of Science, 5.30.—"The Wonders of Geology," Lecture XI., Dr. J. D. Falconer.
 King's College, 5.30.—"The Followers of Giotto," Prof. P. Dearmer.
 University College, 5.30.—"The Kingdom of the Netherlands," Lecture II., Prof. Geyl.
 Industrial League (Caxton Hall), 8.—"Some Causes of Industrial Unrest, and a Remedy," Mr. H. H. Elvin.

December.

- Thurs. 1. University College, 5.—"Customary Feudal Systems," Lecture V., Prof. J. E. G. de Montmorency.
 Arts League of Service (Mortimer Hall, W.), 5.30.—"The Relation of Art to Life," Miss Margaret Bulley.
 Birkbeck College, 5.30.—"Modern Political Ideals," Lecture V., Mr. C. Delisle Burns.
 King's College, 5.30.—"Six Leaders of Thought in Czecho-Slovakia," Lecture VI., Dr. F. Chudoba.
 King's College, 5.30.—"Greece and the Revolution of 1821: The Consequences at Smyrna and Elsewhere," Dr. L. Géronimos.
- Fri. 2. Imperial College of Science, 5.30.—"The Wonders of Geology," Lecture XII., Dr. J. D. Falconer.
 King's College, 5.30.—"The Russian Intelligentsia," Lecture III., Dr. Harold Williams.
 Philological Society, 8.—"The Definition of the Word and the Sentence," Dr. A. H. Gardiner; "'Be' is a Transitive Verb," Mr. H. O. Coleman.

Acknowledgment of many books received will be made next week.

